The Champion Walkers at Gilmore's Garden, this week!

The Young New Yorker.

JOURNAL OF RECREATION AND WORLD OF SPORT.

EXCELSIOR

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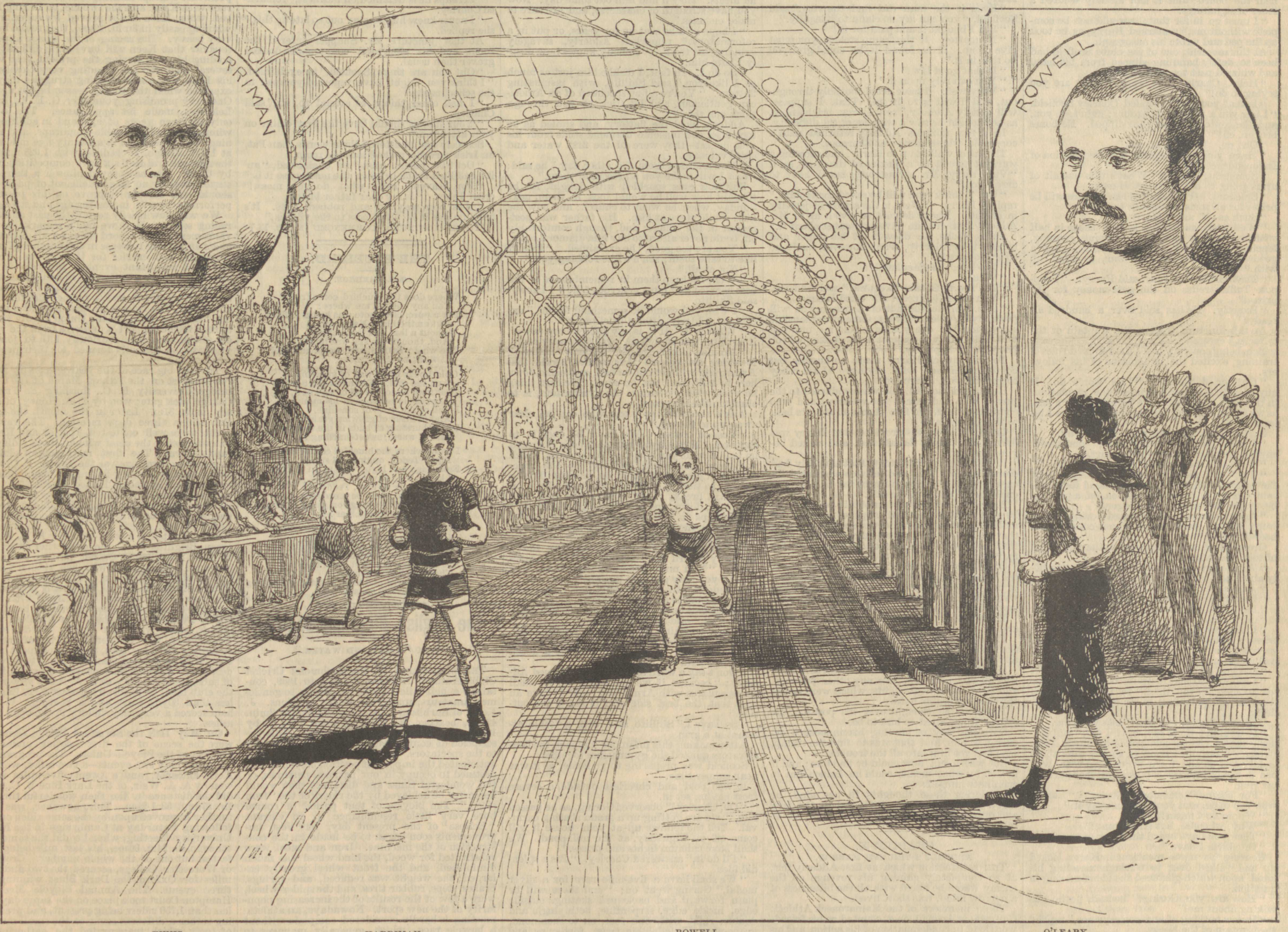

ENNIS. HARRIMAN. ROWELL. O'LEARY.

The Astley Belt Match.

THE present week will decide the question whether the Astley Belt will go to England, whence it came, or stay in America for good, the chances in favor of the latter event being good. All our readers are acquainted with the general outlines of the history of this belt, but its particular condition at the present moment is not so well understood. The trophy was won by Daniel O'Leary, of Chicago, last year, and he took it subject to challenge for two more contests. When he shall have won it three times it will become his absolute property, and he will be entitled to retire on his laurels. John Hughes challenged him for it last year, and was badly beaten, as every one knows, so that O'Leary has only to score one more victory to become the permanent champion, with a right to refuse any further contests for the belt.

The present match includes three challengers, Chas. A. Harriman, of Massachusetts, John Ennis, of Chicago, and Charles Rowell, of Chesterton, England. These men have challenged O'Leary, and the match is now in progress at Gilmore's Garden under the following agreement:

"Memorandum of agreement made and entered into this 5th day of March, 1879, between Daniel O'Leary, of Chicago, Ill., party of the first part, and Charles Rowell, of Chesterton, Cambridge, England; John Ennis, of Chicago, Ill., and Charles A. Harriman, of Boston, Mass., party of the second part:—Witnesseth, that whereas the party of the first part is now the holder of the long-distance champion belt of the world, won by him at Agricultural Hall, London, in March, 1878, and the parties of the second part have duly challenged him to a pedestrian sweepstakes, therefore pursuant to the conditions upon which the said belt is held:—Now, therefore, this agreement witnesseth that the parties hereto hereby agree to compete for the said championship belt, won by the party of the first part in London, in March last, and the sum of £100 a side (£400), which sum has been deposited in the hands of the editor of the *Sporting Life*. The match to take place at Gilmore's Garden, in the city of New York, and is to commence at one o'clock A. M., on Monday, March 10th, 1879, and to terminate at eleven o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, March 15th, 1879, (142 hours), the party covering the greatest distance during that time either by running or walking without assistance to be declared the winner. The match is to be subject to the same conditions as that at which the said belt was won by the party of the first part, and the belt is to be held by the winner on the same terms and conditions on which it is now held. The match is to be under the auspices of the athletic clubs in and about the city of New York, and a representative from each of the under-mentioned sporting papers—viz: the *Spirit of the Times*, New York *Clipper*, *Turf, Field and Farm*, New York *Sportsman* and the London *Sporting Life*, who are empowered to act as judges in conjunction with one member of each of the six athletic clubs in New York, who have volunteered to act as scorers; but all matters of dispute or appeals on questions not provided for by these conditions to be referred to the trustees of the belt, whose decisions in all cases shall be final. The gate-receipts, after all expenses are paid, to be divided as follows:

"If only one man completes 450 miles or more the whole of the gate receipts (less expenses) to be paid over to him; if two competitors complete 450 miles or more the winner to receive three-fourths of the receipts, and the second man one-fourth; if three men go 450 miles or more the winner to receive one-half, the second man thirty per cent. and the third man twenty per cent. of the gate-receipts; if four men go 450 miles or more the winner to receive one-half, the second twenty-five per cent., the third fifteen per cent. and the fourth ten per cent. of the gate-receipts.

"The track to be surveyed by competent authority in the presence of the judges appointed. The measurement to be made eighteen inches from the inside border frame, which is to be three inches higher than the walk.

"Either party failing to comply with any of these articles to forfeit all money deposited.

"DANIEL O'LEARY,
"JOHN ENNIS,
"C. A. HARRIMAN,
"CHARLES ROWELL.

"Witness—WILLIAM B. CURTIS."

The athletic clubs included in the above specification are the New York, Brooklyn, Harlem, Scottish-American, Manhattan and American. Each furnishes twenty members to act as scorers, each club to take a day of the six covered by the week in the order named.

Our illustration above gives a very faithful picture of the general appearance of the garden at the beginning of the walk, with the pedestrians at work on their tracks each in his own style of going. The portrait of O'Leary has already been given in this paper (No. 4), and so need not be repeated, but most of our readers will recognize the sturdy figure of the champion in the foreground, going in his usual steam engine style, the very model of all a walkist should be. The portraits of Harriman and Rowell are given for the first time in this country by THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, and we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Sarony, the photographer, for an early proof of Rowell's portrait, the first taken in this country. Harriman's face is a very striking likeness, and the artist has caught the styles of going of the different men in a very perfect manner.

Of course our readers will be anxious to know what are the chances of the match, and the weight of opinion seems to be that the contest will be between O'Leary and Harriman for first and second place, with every chance of a close struggle and good record. Both men are walkers, pure and simple, and both are good stayers. Rowell, the Englishman, is a small man, with very muscular legs, and expects to make his distance, if at all, by running, while Ennis walks and runs indifferently. The previous record of O'Leary is well known, and need not be here repeated. He has gained his title of world's champion distance walker by fair work against all-comers, beating every one on both sides of the Atlantic.

His most dangerous opponent in the present walk is Charles A. Harriman, of whom we offer the first correct account that has yet appeared.

Mr. Harriman was born on the 22d day of April, 1853, at the town of Whitefield, Lincoln county, Maine, about twelve miles from Augusta, the capital of the State. His early days were spent upon the farm, but afterward he entered one of the large shoe manufactories of Lewistown, Me. Whether this had anything to do in inclining his mind to pedestrianism, is not known. In appearance he is noble both in form and manner. His face indicates strong will, backed by a moral force which causes all who may come in contact with him to admire him. He measures six feet in hight as he stands in stockings, while he turns the scale at one hundred and eighty pounds. This weight he expects will be reduced so that at the completion of his walk he will weigh at least thirty pounds less.

He is a firm believer in himself, and required

Continued on sixth page.

The Captain of the Club;

OR,

THE YOUNG RIVAL ATHLETES.

A ROMANCE OF TRUTH AND TREACHERY.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, (Jack Harkaway,)
AUTHOR OF "DICK DIMITY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.

HE found several young men there, as usual; but, with the exception of Charley Scofield, they were all members of the Quinsagamond Athletic Club.

Adderly was the center of an interested group; and it may be mentioned here, that he had sent in his resignation to the Captain of the Mamaroneck Club a few days after he had found it convenient to leave Dr. Smiley's establishment.

Shillito was standing by Adderly's side, and appeared to have attached himself very closely to that young gentleman; Scofield was performing some prodigious feats with Indian clubs, swinging them about in all directions and with considerable dexterity.

On the black-board was a notice to this effect:

"GRAND ASSAULT OF ARMS,

"MONDAY EVENING, THE 25TH MARCH,

"*At the Gymnasium, Sweetwater.*

"Open to duly qualified members of any recognized club. Full particulars will shortly be published. Intending competitors may enter at once. Fee, one dollar.

"ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PRIZES."

A paper, with pens and ink, lay on a table near the board; and it had already secured a score of signatures.

"I must go in for that; it would not be complete without me," remarked Harry, as he took up the pen and wrote his autograph.

At this moment, one of the clubs Scofield had been so deftly handling slipped from his hand and whizzed past the captain's head.

"Hello, Charley," he cried, "what are you trying to do?"

"Is that you, Cap?" replied Charley Scofield. "I beg you a thousand pardons; didn't see you, and the confounded old club slipped. No bones broken, eh?"

"Oh! no. It didn't hit me."

"Have you been signing the Declaration of Independence?"

"Something like it. What's this assault of arms going to be?" inquired Harry.

"Splendid. It's Tuffun's idea. There will be prizes for all sorts of difficult things."

"Such as—?" asked Harry.

"Well, such as cutting a dead sheep in half with a sword at one blow; jumping, running, fencing, single-stick, boxing, wrestling, and a good old-fashioned tug of war, to wind up with."

"That will be rare fun," said Harry. "I suppose Tuffun relies on the gate-money for the prizes?"

"Exactly. He has sold over a hundred already."

At this juncture Goring, the Captain of the "Necks," entered the place, smoking a cigarette: which, being contrary to all the received rules of training, excited the indignation of his followers.

"Oh!" cried Shillito. "This won't do. If any of us fellows had infringed the regulations in this way, we should have been down for a fine, as we are in training for that race with the Atalantas."

Goring threw the obnoxious weed away.

"I plead guilty," he exclaimed; "and throw myself upon the mercy of the court."

"Your plea is accepted," replied Meriton.

"Yes," said Adderly, "and the sentence of the court is that you promptly send for a certain quantity, known as a gallon, of a popular beverage, commonly called lager."

"Against the rules," exclaimed Goring; "you won't let me smoke and I cannot countenance beer-drinking."

Groans, loud and deep, arose at the expression of this Draconian law.

"What were you men all talking so earnestly about as I came up?" asked Goring.

"Adderly's been robbed," said Shillito.

"Indeed, how did that happen?"

"Let me tell my own story," replied Adderly.

"Certainly."

"I was walking along the Fordham road, when a fellow darted out from behind a tree, garroted me, stole my ring and some money I had about me, and then bolted."

"Did you see his face?"

"I did not, so that it would be impossible for me to identify the thief. In fact, it was all done in the twinkling of an eye," replied Adderly.

"Do you suspect any one?" asked Goring.

"It wouldn't do to say so, if I did," said Adderly with a vicious side glance at Harry Armstrong. "But, all I know is, simply this: there is only one person I am acquainted with, who has a direct interest in possessing that particular ring."

"For shame!" exclaimed Goring. "I know who you mean and you shouldn't say it."

"Whom do I mean?"

"Why, who else, but Armstrong?"

"Then you have heard the story of the ring?"

"Of course I have."

Hearing his name mentioned, Harry looked up and walked over to Goring, extending his hand, upon which glistened the identical ring in question.

"How are you, Goring?" he said, "who was talking about me?"

"It was nothing of any consequence," replied the Captain of the Necks.

By this time Adderly had seen the ring, and his sinister eyes twinkled maliciously.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "I think it is of some consequence. Will you kindly inform me, Armstrong, how my ring came into your possession."

Harry turned pale.

This was a contingency, that in his eagerness to possess the ring, he had entirely overlooked.

"With pleasure," he replied. "I met a poor broken down tramp, on the road, just now; and he offered the ring for sale, saying he had found it. I gave him twenty dollars for it."

Adderly smiled incredulously.

"Perhaps," he exclaimed, "you will be surprised to hear that I was garroted and robbed a couple of hours ago."

"Is that so?"

"I demand the ring," said Adderly.

"And I refuse to give it you," replied Harry firmly.

"In that case, it will be my painful duty to have you arrested on a criminal charge."

"Arrest *me!*" cried Harry indignantly.

"Why not? I accuse you of robbing me."

At this bold declaration, there was a dead silence.

Harry clinched his fists and looked as if he would like to tear his accuser in pieces. Indeed he took one step forward: but Goring interposed.

"We must not have any fighting here," he said. "This affair is very sad, and no one can regret it more than I do. It can only be settled in a court of law."

"But surely," replied Harry, "you do not accuse me of stealing Adderly's ring?"

"*I* am not your accuser."

"Do you believe me guilty?"

"Frankly I do not; but for your own sake, the matter must be fully investigated."

"Let him produce the tramp, who, *he says,* sold him the ring, and I shall be satisfied," observed Adderly.

"How can I?" answered Harry. "There are a thousand of tramps in the country, and this one may be miles off by this time."

"I shall get a warrant for your arrest," said Adderly.

"Don't be hasty," exclaimed Goring.

"Oh! my mind is made up," replied Adderly, who with a quick step, quitted the gymnasium.

Completely overwhelmed, Harry sat down, and the young men split up into groups to discuss the matter; the general opinion being that it looked bad for the Captain of the Club.

Scofield was greatly excited over what had happened, and seemed to take as much interest in the honor of Harry, as he would in his own.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"Really, I scarcely know. It is a most embarrassing position to be placed in," answered Harry.

"Even if the man *did* find the ring," said Scofield, "you can lay no claim to it legally."

"But I bought it and paid for it."

"No matter. If the tramp stole it, you must give it up. If he found it, he could give you no title in it."

"Is that good law?"

"You can rely upon it."

"Very well. I have acted foolishly throughout, and I will give it up. That, I suppose, will satisfy Adderly," said Harry, brightening, as he thought he saw a way out of the difficulty.

In a few minutes Adderly returned with a constable, whose name was Sherman.

The latter walked up to Harry, and showing a warrant issued by a justice of the peace, said: "Very sorry, Mr. Armstrong; but I have to arrest you."

"Oh, I think you will be saved the trouble," replied Harry. "Here is the article of jewelry in dispute. I have decided to give it up to Mr. Adderly, rather than have any bother about it."

As he spoke, he drew it off his finger and handed it to Adderly, who, however, made no effort to take it.

"Too late," he ejaculated.

"What?"

"The law must take its course," said Adderly.

"You refuse to accept it?" cried Harry.

"I do. In the solitude of a prison, you will probably be able to invent some more plausible story, than the one you have told me, and you will find that you cannot half choke and rob people with impunity."

To this speech Harry made no answer, but contented himself with saying: "I am ready to go with you, Sherman."

He quitted the hall, and was conducted to the justice who had issued the warrant, and who committed him, in five thousand dollars bail, to the county jail.

Transportation was provided, and Harry was driven off, deeply humiliated, and vexed beyond measure.

It was one more victory that Adderly had scored against him, and fully compensated his enemy for the disappointment he had experienced in the result of the sale.

Harry did not attempt to obtain bail, nor did he send word of what had happened, either to his mother and brother or Doctor Smiley, knowing that the news would travel quickly enough, and that he would have plenty of visitors in the morning.

Conscious as he was of his own innocence of the odious charge to which the enmity of Adderly had subjected him, he felt that he had acted wrongly in not at once giving up the ring to the man whose property it really was.

The wisest of us sometimes commit blunders, and he was no exception to the rule.

The drive to the jail occupied some little time. Sherman, the officer, was not very talkative, and the journey was made in silence.

Harry's name was taken by the sheriff, and he was placed in a cell, like any other prisoner, and left to his own thoughts, which were not of the most agreeable nature.

The more he thought over his position, the graver it appeared to him to be.

Only one way of proving his innocence occurred to him, and that was to find the tramp, who had got him into all the trouble.

But where and how could he find him; and if he did, by what means could he induce him to criminate himself?

Pondering these thoughts in his mind, he threw himself upon the little bed in the dark and miserable cell. But it was long before he fell asleep.

CHAPTER X.

ADDERLY'S TRIUMPH MARRED.

THE satisfaction which at first Adderly felt, at so completely gaining his revenge on the enemy whom he hated with all the bitterness of a narrow mind, was short lived.

Those members of the Mamaroneck Athletic Club whom he had once counted as his friends were loud in condemnation of his action, and his new acquaintances among the Quinsagamonds were equally emphatic in their disapprobation of his conduct. Goring declared that it was an outrage, and that he should have been satisfied with the proffer of the return of the ring.

As soon as Harry had disappeared in custody of the officer, every one turned the cold shoulder on Adderly except Shillito, who was at all times his chum and toady.

Tuffun the trainer was particularly indignant when he came in from a long walk and heard the news.

"What!" he said, "Harry Armstrong locked up on a charge of highway robbery?"

"Yes," replied Goring, "I am sorry to say, it is only too true."

"Who was the hound that did it?"

Adderly's face flushed scarlet.

"I don't know why I should be called a hound," he exclaimed, "because I merely protected my rights."

"Protected your grandmother!" answered Tuffun; "the Captain of the Club is a gentleman, and you know very well he did not rob you."

"The whole thing was so sudden, that I could not see the robber's face, but he had my ring and refused to give it up, until he saw that I was in earnest. Then, being irritated, I would not accept restitution at the eleventh hour."

"Well, gentlemen," said Tuffun, shrugging his shoulders, "this beats me and I don't know what to make of it. It's small potatoes and very few in the hill. Why didn't some one get bail for Mr. Armstrong?"

"Unhappily," replied Goring, "none of us own real estate, or I know two or three, including myself, who would gladly have done so."

The trainer slapped Adderly rudely on the shoulder.

"See here," he exclaimed, "I want you, sir, to make yourself scarce in this place; just keep out of here, if *you* please."

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the sort," answered Adderly. "I have paid my subscription to your gymnasium, until the first of May, and I have a right to come here, just the same as any one else. If you try to put me out, or refuse me admission, I shall sue you for damages."

"I'll return your money."

"And I don't want it; all you have to do is to be civil to me, or it will be the worse for you!"

Grumbling to himself, Tuffun went into his private office, and lighting a cigar, muttered, "I'd just like to use my fists on him for a few minutes, but I guess I'd best keep quiet."

The athletes showed their contempt for Adderly, by taking no notice of him.

He spoke to Scofield about the horizontal bar, asking some trifling question, and Charley said, "Did you address your conversation to me?"

"I did," replied Adderly.

"Then I will thank you in future not to speak to me, as I am in the habit of associating with gentlemen."

"So you mean to imply that I am not worthy to be classed in that category?"

"Place what construction you like on my words," said Scofield, turning away.

Adderly felt this insult very keenly, and bit his lips until the blood came.

"Never mind, old fellow," exclaimed Shillito, trying to comfort him. "These boys are riding the high horse, and I wouldn't take any notice of them."

"It's galling to be treated like this," replied Adderly. "How is it that Armstrong is so popular and every one seems to hate me?"

"Oh! it's a low, deceitful way he's got; he's always hail-fellow-well-met, as they say, with all he meets. They'll find him out some day. Now you have strength of character, and are sure to make enemies."

"I hope he'll be sent up for years, or put in a reformatory," remarked Adderly, savagely grinding his teeth. "Nobody knows how deeply I hate him."

"So do I. In fact, I dislike him just as much as I like you," said Shillito, with insinuating flattery. "You're a fine specimen of an American gentleman, and I'll stick to you through thick and thin."

Adderly liked the flattery, and smiled as he took a set of handsome diamond studs from his vest pocket—they were of the first water and quite valuable.

"You admired these the other day," he said; "and I will make you a present of them."

Shillito's eyes sparkled with delight, for he thought how well he would look in them, next Sunday, when he went to church; and how the girls would stare at him. His father was postmaster in the village; and, though comfortably off, could never afford to buy him diamond studs.

"You are too good," he exclaimed. "I don't like to take them; sha'n't I be robbing you?"

"Not at all."

"Well, I'll keep them in remembrance of the best hearted and most generous fellow I know," said Shillito.

"I wish you would do something for me," exclaimed Adderly, after a brief pause.

"What is it? If it is anything in my power, it shall be done in a flash," was the ready reply.

"An idea occurred to me," Adderly continued, lowering his voice. "I'm rather afraid that Armstrong will get out on bail, and come down here to bully and put on airs. The first thing he does, when he enters the gymnasium, is to climb up the long rope."

"He's about the only one who can get clear away up to the top."

"Yes, of course. We know he does it to show off. Now, if you hear that he is liberated on bail, I want you to get on the trapeze, which will carry you about half-way up the rope. Seize it in your hand; hold on, and cut it with a knife, so that, if there is a strain of a body on it, it will break. That will let the first who gets on it, down, and give him a good shaking."

"Perhaps it will kill him, and Armstrong may not be the first one to climb the rope after all," suggested Shillito.

"I don't care. There is no one here that I have any regard for," rejoined Adderly, carelessly. "You must be careful that no one sees you, or you may get into trouble."

"I'll do it. In fact I could not refuse you anything; but it is rather risky."

"You shall have my gold watch if you manage it well," said Adderly.

"It is a bargain. Shake hands," replied Shillito, who had long envied the rich young man his watch, and would have cut half a dozen ropes to obtain it.

"Don't say a word to any one," continued Adderly; "because if we are found out we shall change places with Armstrong; and I have an idea that the best side of a prison is the outside."

"So have I," Shillito said, with a feeble attempt at a grin.

After making this infamous compact the conspirators quitted the gymnasium together.

Scofield was preparing to go home, as it was near supper-time.

It was cold and cheerless outside, a severe frost having set in.

"Oh, Charley!" observed Goring, as he passed him, "we are getting up a grand skating carnival. Tell the fellows up at your house it will come off on Thursday, at the mill-pond. We shall have calcium lights and prizes."

"I'll do it," answered Charley. "It's a splendid idea.

"We shall have a five-mile race for a silver medal," Goring went on; "and there will be plain forward and backward skating, outside edge, inside edge, serpentine, both single and double, right with one foot, on to Richmond, grape-vine, Philadelphia twist, foot-spins, and in fact all the fancy figures. The boys will have all the work they want cut out for them."

"Jolly! I know our fellows will come. Good-night."

"And say!" shouted Goring, after him, "tell the boys how sorry we all are about the Captain of the Club, and that we have all given Adderly the dead cut."

Charley thanked him, and hastened home.

Supper was over when he reached Dr. Smiley's, but he did not feel at all hungry, and went directly to the parlor, whence the sound of music proceeded.

Tessy was playing and singing, while Fitzhugh turned over the leaves of the music-book. She sung:

SONG.

"The sweetest flowers are those that bloom
In the early days of the summer bright,
When the greenest leaves are on the trees
And pleasantly gleam in the sun's soft light.

"I walk in the fields in the early morn,
When the grass is covered with silver dew,
Gathering flowers which kiss my hands,
The red, red rose and the violet blue."

"Thank you," Charley heard Fitzhugh say, as he entered. "That is—aw—very pretty; quite charming, you know."

"You are complimentary, Mr. Fitzhugh. It is only a trifling composition of my own, and possesses no great merit," replied Miss Smiley.

Charley coughed, thereby drawing their attention to himself.

"Have you heard the news?" cried Charley, excitedly,

They hastened to assure him that they had not, and begged him to tell them at once.

"Don't give us any wild—aw—rumors," said Fitzhugh. "But substantial—aw—facts."

"Be quiet, Mr. Fitzhugh, please," exclaimed Tessy. "I am in a state of suspense, for I know that Scofield has some important news."

"Yes, I have, Miss Smiley," rejoined Charley. "In the first place we are going to have a grand skating carnival on the mill-pond with calcium lights and music."

"Oh! pshaw!"

"And there is going to be an assault of arms at the gymnasium."

"I don't call *that* news."

"But I haven't come to the most important part," said Charley. "Sim Adderly has had Armstrong arrested and sent to prison on a charge of stealing your ring from him on the highway."

Tessy uttered a cry, and her face went very white, as she and Fitzhugh exchanged glances.

"Your fault, Miss Smiley," exclaimed the Englishman: "you—aw—broke Harry's heart about the ring, you know."

"Oh! yes—yes. I see it now," replied Tessy, bursting into tears. "How unkind I have been to that poor boy and now I have ruined him."

"But it isn't true," said Charley. "We all feel it is not and we've cut Adderly."

Tessy continued to cry, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and Fitzhugh carried on the examination of Charley.

"How do you—aw—know that he is not guilty?" he asked.

"Harry said he bought it from a tramp, and it must have been the tramp who robbed Adderly of the ring."

"That's not unlikely, you know."

Tessy dried her tears and looked up.

"If there are highway robbers about," she said, "I hope nothing has happened to papa. He went down to the village this afternoon, and it is quite time he was back."

"Perhaps he is detained on business," remarked Charley.

"I never knew him to stay out so late as this," she replied.

At this juncture Mr. Snapper entered the room, and his elongated countenance looked graver than usual.

"Oh! you are there, Scofield," he exclaimed. "I think you might have reported yourself in the school-room."

"I had other things to attend to, sir," said Charley.

"Your studies should have the first claim on your attention."

Scarcely had he uttered these words than Pat, an Irish servant, rushed into the room.

"Och! be jabers, miss," he exclaimed, "an' it's bad luck that's befallen the master, so it is."

"For heaven's sake, what do you mean?" cried Tessy. "Is my dear father hurt?"

"He's been waylaid and robbed, miss. It's true, indade it is. Bad 'cess to the vill'ins!"

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN No. 13.]

THE BLUEBIRD.

GAIL HAMILTON.

Where does the bluebird come from?
Can any one tell me where?
For a pure, clear note was heard to float
Out on the bleak March air.
Without a leaf was the orchard,
And, though the sky was blue,
The wind was bold, and sharp, and cold,
It whistled the branches through.

Gold-Locks has a way of guessing,
And she said, "From out the South!"
That may be so, for all of us know,
That the sweet tune in his mouth
Is full of the news of sunshine,
And of fields of growing grain,
Of the bursting of buds in the waking woods,
And of warm, sweet-smelling rain.

"I know where the bluebird comes from!"
Piped Teddy, quaint and small,
"From high and high, 'way up in the sky!
I know, for I saw him fall!"
And that may be true, Teddy,
For nothing could be more free,
Than the way he swings on glancing wings,
And nothing could bluer be.

He looks like a flake of color
Blown by some playful power,
To show us how on the apple bough
'Twould look to see a flower.
And his voice is a blest assurance
That violet time is near,
That the merry and long, warm days of song
And bloom will soon be here.

The English Bicycling Season.

FROM "LAND AND WATER."

THE programme of the Richmond Cricket Club's Autumn Athletic Meeting in 1869, contained a half-mile bicycle race, open to gentlemen amateurs, under the usual conditions. J. Keen, of Surbiton, proved the winner in 2min. 42sec., beating E. Frith (Barnes F. C.), by 19sec., and three other competitors. This description of contest was at that time a novelty to the spectators, very few of whom could have anticipated the important position bicycling was destined to occupy in our national pastimes, or the wonderful times and distances that would hereafter be achieved by the riders of the "iron steed." The bicycle of that period of course bore very little resemblance to an elegant "Eclipse" of the present day, but vast improvements soon began to be made in the construction of the machine. Iron and steel were substituted for wood, the hind wheel was much diminished, and the front wheel greatly enlarged; the weight was reduced, and springs, brakes, steps, rubber tires, and the spider-wheel, were a few of the results of the increasing popularity of the new sport. Nowadays, an athletic meeting is hardly considered complete without a bicycle race, which generally manages to secure the largest number of entries of any of the competitions, and is certainly looked upon by the spectators as the most interesting event on the card.

The past season has been the most successful ever yet recorded in the annals of bicycling. There are now no less than seventy-two recognized clubs in the neighborhood of London, one alone mustering 250 members, although the Cambridge University Bicycle Club is perhaps the largest of any of these organizations, with a total of 271 names on its books. More race meetings have been held than in any previous year.

During the year professional bicyclists chiefly distinguished themselves by their long-distance riding. Up to the commencement of the present year 608 miles by F. White, of Wolverhampton, performed at Northampton in six days, between July 30 and August 4, 1877, remained the best authenticated feat on record in this department of sport. Previous to this, in 1875, when David Stanton had ridden 650 miles in seven days (twelve hours per diem) at Lillie Bridge, the maximum of endurance was supposed to have been attained. Both these records have been completely eclipsed in 1878, first by Stanton's 1,000 miles at the Agricultural Hall in six days, and later on in the year William Cann, of Sheffield, still further improved on this performance by totaling 1,060 miles at the same place in an equal period of time. On both occasions the men were restricted to eighteen riding hours per diem, although neither availed himself of the full privilege. Stanton's was perhaps the better performance of the two, as he was only in the saddle a trifle over 73 hours, while Cann occupied 85 1-4 hours in scoring the extra sixty miles to his credit. This was not Cann's only long-distance feat during the year, as in the week ending May 18th, with the time of riding restricted to fifteen hours each day, he managed to accomplish 910 miles, finishing second to Léon, the Mexican rider, in a Horsemanship v. Bicycling competition, at the Agricultural Hall. The Mexican changed his horse no fewer than 172 times, and defeated Cann by fifty-nine miles, four other bicyclists being nearly double that distance to the bad. The distances, however, were hardly authentic, as the bicyclists' track proved on measurement to be some seventy-four yards short per mile which would considerably reduce Cann's record.

Although John Keen, the champion, failed to make any show in these long-distance competitions, generally retiring during the first day, he still had no rival, except Cooper, of Sheffield, at anything under twenty five miles. The one-mile championship had been won by Keen on eight occasions out of fourteen races he had contested with Cooper for the trophy, and, nothing daunted by three successive defeats, Cooper once again threw down the gauntlet to his old conqueror, the race taking place at Wolverhampton, June 12th. Although Keen was known to have been seriously indisposed for some months, slight odds were laid on the champion up to the start. After a magnificent race Cooper got the best of the struggle in the last few yards, and won on the post in 3min. 3-5sec. Since this race the two have not again met, although Keen has regained his title by twice winning the Silver Challenge Cup with which the one-mile championship is now associated. Cooper declined to compete for the prize, but Patrick, of Wolverhampton, and W. Phillips ran Keen very close in each heat, the former winning his trial in 2min. 57 1-2sec.—the fastest mile time ever made in one of these competitions. Phillips challenged at once for another race with Keen, and the two met on Boxing Day last, when Keen again proved his superiority, winning easily in 3min. 10sec., the ground being very heavy. The racing of the season appears to show that Keen will have some difficulty in holding his own during the present year with several men who are treading very closely on his heels, and some exciting struggles may be expected when the racing season begins again. One very promising youngster, G. E. Edlin, of Leicester, made his appearance. The lad is only eighteen years of age, and in addition to winning several valuable handicaps, and running second to Keen in a twenty-five mile race at Lillie Bridge, is credited with 1,025 miles in the Agricultural Hall six days' competition, won by Cann. He has proved himself a thorough stayer, and by no means deficient of pace, and should still further improve on his previous performances with increasing age and strength.

We will now briefly review the past amateur racing season. Here we find a remarkable advancement of the record times for all distances, and a surprising increase in the number of race meetings, and entries for the various events. The first important event of the year in this branch of sport was the active inauguration of the Bicycle Union, formed to watch over the interests of bicyclists, and to frame rules for their guidance. The rules were drawn up at a meeting held Feb. 16th, but the Union hardly seems to receive the support it deserves from the various clubs, who seem curiously loth to join an organization specially formed for their protection.

The first big race of the year was a fifty miles road contest on the 12th of March of the Cambridge University B. C., finishing at Trinity College back gate; won by T. A. Honey, of Sidney, in 3h. 51m. Later in the month the same club held a three days' meeting. The various events were well contested, Trotter and Keith-Falconer being the chief winners, both riding in capital form. The first metropolitan club to commence operations was the Temple B. C. with their annual twenty-five-miles championship race at the Alexandra Palace, March 30th. H. Akers proved the winner in the slow time of 2h. 25 1-4m., the weather being miserable in the extreme. The four-mile amateur championship at Lillie Bridge, April 11th, owing to various causes, resulted in a walk-over for R. R. Mackinnon, Brighton B. C., the only other entry, H. N. Bate, Croydon B. C., not putting in an appearance. Mackinnon (who had ridden a close race with Wyndham in 1877,) completed the distance in 13min. 25sec. The spring meeting of the Surrey B. C. at the Oval, April 27th, was capitally attended. The four-miles handicap fell to Derkinderin of the Tower Hamlets, with 270yds. start, who beat Quirk, 290yds. start. Considering the wonderful form afterward shown by the two men, their prominent positions with these long starts are not to be wondered at. Another curious result by the light of subsequent events was E. J. Hall's victory in the club mile, from scratch giving F. T. East no less than 30yds. start and a beating. Wyndham scored a very easy victory in the open five-miles.

On May 11th the Stamford Bridge Grounds were the scene of the first meeting under the auspices of the Bicycle Union. The programme contained only two events—a two-miles, won by Keith-Falconer, and a twenty-five-miles race, won by A. A. Weir, of the Dark Blue B. C., who did the distance in the then wonderful time of 1h. 27min. 53 1-2sec. This, however, was still further improved upon by the same rider on the following Saturday at Cambridge in the Inter-University Meeting, when he did the same distance in 1h. 24m. 36sec., his last mile being the fastest but one of the whole number. Crofton, of Worcester College, secured the two and ten-miles for Oxford, the Dark Blues winning all three events. The Annual Bicycle Meet at Hampton Court took place on the same day, no less than 1,750 riders being present, and presenting rather a different scene to the small muster of forty which inaugurated the gathering in 1874. In the following week the Cambridge University B. C. held their summer meeting, and the Light Blue riders proved in much better form than on the previous Saturday, A. P. Trotter, of Trinity, winning two four-mile races—one in 12min. 32sec., then a best on record, and also landing the mile in 2min. 59 1-4sec., he being the first amateur to beat three minutes over this distance.

On June 10th F. E. Appleyard, of the London B. C., won the club 100-miles race, on the Bath road to London, in the wonderful time of 7h. 18min. 55sec., under favorable circumstances as to wind and weather.

The London B. C. held their summer meeting at Stamford Bridge, June 15th. Wyndham, of course, occupied the post of honor at scratch in both the one and four miles handicaps, but in both he seemed out of form. East, with 120 yards start, won the four miles, Derkinderin, 200 yards, being second, the handicapper not having gauged their true merits at this period of the season. East, however, at length came back to the scratch mark in the two miles handicap of the Pickwick B. C., at the Alexandra Palace, July 13th. The race had the large entry of 114 names, C. A. Pollock, C. U. B. C., 215 yards, winning easily, East and Quirk, 40 yards, finishing second and third; the quick time, 5min. 55sec., can easily be accounted for by the well-known short measurement of this course.

The Temple B. C. meeting at Stamford Bridge, July 20th, was chiefly noticeable for the unprecedented number of 153 entries for the open mile, which was eventually carried off by Quirk, 30 yards start, in 3min. 1sec. No less than thirty-nine races were decided during the afternoon. The London B. C. concluded a three mile handicap, August 22d, at Stamford Bridge. East, for the first time, went off the same with Mark Wyndham, and beat him into the bargain, W. T. Thorn, 120 yards, proving the winner, H. L. Cortis and Quirk being close up. The Stanley Club Meeting, held at the Alexandra Palace, September 7th, having suffered a postponement of nearly a month, naturally proved rather a failure, only fifty-four starters coming to the post out of a magnificent entry of 167 for the open two miles handicap. Derkinderin, 50 yards, won somewhat easily, the time here, as usual, being marvelous, viz., 5min. 54 2-5sec. During September East rode in a mile handicap at the Trent Bridge Grounds, Nottingham, and although he had beaten 3min. in a trial at Lillie Bridge a few days previously, could not win his heat with 30 yards start, done in 3min. 4sec. An amateur four miles handicap at Lillie Bridge, promoted by John Keen, September 23d, produced a magnificent race, Wyndham (90 yards) 1, East (scratch) 2, Derkinderin (40 yards) 3, being the order at the finish. East's full time was 12min. 17 1-2sec. East followed up this performance by winning the Surrey B. C. ten-mile scratch race at the Oval, September 28th, with Derkinderin second and Wyndham third, only six yards separating the three, the time being 35min. 34 4-5sec.—best on record for a grass course. The attendance was very large at this meeting, some 5,000 spectators being present. East, however, on October 5th, at Leicester, eclipsed all his previous efforts in a mile handicap, doing the full distance in 2min. 54 1-4sec., beating all records, amateur and professional.

The Clapham Bicycle Club races at Stamford Bridge, Oct. 12th, were remarkable for the grand performance of Wyndham, who rode a full mile in 2m. 58 1-2s.—the fastest time amateur or professional ever done in London, although it only carried him into sixth place. Again, before the end of the season, the Oval, Oct. 29th, was the scene of a big bicycle gathering, as a means of augmenting the Abercarne Colliery Fund. In the five-mile scratch race, Wyndham, Derkinderin, Thorn and East finished in the order named after a most exciting finish as regards the three last-named riders.

At the end of October the Cambridge U. B. C. held a three days' meeting. The principal event was a five miles' match, amateur against professional riders. J. Keen represented the latter class, and Trotter and Keith-Falconer the former. Trotter went off with the lead, doing his first mile in 2m. 59s. Keen could never quite get up, and Keith-Falconer, riding his last mile in 2m. 53 2-5s., won by six yards in 15m. 13 3-5s., the best time on record. On the last day of the meeting the C. U. B. C. and the London B. C. decided a series of contests. Trotter and Wyndham were the two best men engaged, and the Cambridge miler beat the London man at both one and four miles.

The last important race of the season was the Fifty-Mile Amateur Championship, decided at Lillie Bridge, Oct. 26th. Fourteen started, and after a splendid struggle between Derkinderin and H. Osborne (the holder) the former won by 31s. in 3h. 9m. 56s., the times from the twenty-sixth mile being the best on record.

One exploit of the year must not be omitted. On Sept. 12th, Mr. W. T. Britten, captain of the Clarence B. C., rode from London to Bath and back, a distance of 212 miles, in five minutes under the twenty-four hours. This is the longest run ever accomplished on a road in a single day, and is a most conclusive and practical proof of the value of the bicycle as a means of rapid traveling.

It seems probable that some or perhaps all of these marvelous performances of the past year may be eclipsed in 1879. East, Wyndham, Derkinderin, Cortis, Quirk, Crofton, Trotter and Thorn all developed such rapid improvement toward the end of the season, that there is no saying what they may ultimately accomplish. Bicycling is the only sport in which amateurs and professionals are so nearly on an equality as regards their capabilities—in fact, if anything, the amateurs have the advantage, and should the latter keep up the same ratio of development during the coming months, they will very soon acquire the best recorded times in this sport at all distances short of fifty miles.

Loyal Sons of America.

Notice.—As each officer of the Cabinet Council has his particular duty to attend to, all correspondence should be addressed to its proper department, *with stamp* for reply, care Secretary of State. All communications and questions relating to the order to T. Elmer Haines, Secretary of State; in regard to military, Thos. B. Usher, Instructor-General; in reference to the "grand celebration," the entertainments, and instruction to procure gymnasium and library, Horace S. Keller, Vice-President, all at 17 Bond street.

The Good Work.

The good work still goes on. The plans have been well laid out, and it gratifies us not a little to see in what satisfactory manner they are being forwarded. The day is not far distant, dear friends and brothers, when our gracious order will *have* to be recognized among the great organizations of this land. Time alone can tell what we may yet accomplish. Time has brought us from the past the fair memorials of what our order once was. Time *will* bring us the appreciative pleasure. of a grand and noble order of brotherhood within our fair nation.

The youth of this Union have nobly responded to our call. They have become thoroughly enthusiastic over the subject, which has been brought from week to week before them. Hundreds of noble lads all over the land have applied for the Constitution, and now every fast mail train bears, among its other burdens, hundreds of our Constitutions and by-laws. In each town and hamlet, in every city in the Union, "The Loyal Sons of America" have found true-hearted young men who have placed their names to the bond, and are willing to fight the good fight in the just cause of liberty. We have no more need of appeals—we have sent them out—and they were not sent in vain. To-day we look with well felt pride upon the list of the members of our order. God grant that the spirit which has been awakened within the breasts of our constituents, be never permitted to grow lukewarm. The brotherly love which binds us together in a united band will never vanish and leave us struggling afar apart, without the kindly help of our comrades. We must perpetuate the memories of Washington; we must prove ourselves true loyal sons of the land he fought for. Then, in the end, sweet peace and mercy will come to every one who has fulfilled the teachings and examples of liberty contained within the Constitution of the Loyal Sons of America.

Important Notice.

In a previous number of The Young New Yorker we referred to the entertainment to be given in order to procure fittings for rooms, regalias, badges, etc., without expense to the members; with proper co-operation this entertainment must prove a grand affair and success. We have a large list of towns to visit, but they are so widely separated that the traveling expenses would be too large without intermediate places to stop at. We must lay out a route, in the shortest possible time, and very much wish our brothers, that have not already written, to do so at once. Those who are not members of our order, but desire to form a wigwam, and have an entertainment for the benefit, should send in petitions, with as large number of names as possible, requesting us to visit them. The admission can be made low, and, with the entertainment we would give, cannot fail to draw a large audience Among the attractions would be the improved Telephone, Microphone, and Phonograph, Kingley, Son & Co's celebrated Art entertainment, Jamy Fox, the wonderful boy magician, who is now playing in New York city, Character Sketches, Farces, and numerous other attractions, by many well-known artists. Boys, it rests with you whether we shall visit your places or not. Any questions cheerfully answered.

The Regalia.

A girdle about the waist, in the colors red white and blue, running longitudinally, 1-4 yard wide, folded to show the three colors, and long enough to tie in bow on right side, hanging down 12 inches and fringed at ends. Material to be of cashmere for members not officers; the officers will use silk.

Notes.

J. S. C.—We are waiting.

W. B. T.—What is your present address?

C. A. R.—Are you keeping your promise?

R. F., Genesee, Ill.—How are you progressing?

Dexter C., Granor.—If you see this notice, write.

F. P. Elliot, Boston.—Please send your present address.

A. E. G.—Shall we hear from you and your comrades soon?

F. B. E., 2830.—If sick, you know what to do. If *well*, write.

Newark.—"Americus" Wigwam No. 1 is the oldest wigwam in your State.

T. H. R.—You are too young; have patience, and time will fit you for a place among us.

We are waiting to hear from Cicones, Latona, Agis, Astia, Alcides, Antenor, Agroetas, and Iberus.

Many Members.—An opening and closing ode are being prepared, and will be sent to each wigwam shortly.

H. K. F.—There is a wigwam at Cazenovia, this State, named Lakeside. Please think of some other name.

R. Robert Needham, Cazenovia.—Ritual and information have been sent you. Follow instructions contained, wholly.

F. H. S. T. L. E.—The names, Senior and Junior Ushers—should read, "First and Second Experts." Please note this correction.

California.—Yes, there are many wigwams in working order in the Golden State. We advise you to send for information at once.

W. O. Dem.—The President would be pleased to see you or any brother from your place at any time most convenient for you to call.

P. R. B.—Should very much like to oblige you, but F. H. S. T. L. E. stands for something which can be known only to the members.

H. H. H.—John A. Stewart is the Chief of "Duquesne" Wigwam of Pittsburg, Pa. His address is 232 Wylie avenue. Apply to him.

Oscar T.—The article in our column in the last number of this journal entitled "Plagiarism" pertains in no manner to the Order. Oversight in making-up.

Constitution and By-laws.—On page 17, Article IX, the part in section 40 should read: "that none of them are less than sixteen, nor more than twenty-six." Please correct.

Henry Rudolph, Boston.—Colonel Clarkson is the originator and Chief of "Plymouth Rock" Wigwam of your city. Apply to him for military information. His address is 1,175 Washington street.

Western Boy.—Your State is represented by an officer in the Cabinet Council: Benjamin C. Eastin, Vice-Chief of "Missouri" Wigwam of Palmyra. D. P. Alexander is Chief of the wigwam you mention.

George Granger.—No. 7 of Young New Yorker contains portrait of our President. 2. He is 22 years old. 3. Born 140 miles from this city. 4. He is generally at the office of the Sec'y of State between 10 and 2 o'clock.

John Morton, Ky.—It matters not if the wigwam you mention is the same as in Michigan. It is a different State and bears a different number. Any of the following names are very appropriate. "Minne-Ha-Ha," "Jefferson," "Tecumseh," etc.

Brooklyn.—Colonel Beuerman will visit your wigwams and instruct you in military matters, drills, etc. You will have a gymnasium, and the most cheerful reading-room in your city. Free only to members—or by permission of the Secretary.

Chancellor.—You can depend upon a brother's sympathy, a brother's love and devotion, a brother's assistance and help, at all times and in all places where help and kindly hearts are needed. We promise you our undivided love and assistance—and you need have no fear of asking for help when it is necessary. Rest assured, dear brother, your call will not be in vain.

Encampment (Florida).—As new developments ripen, we shall publish in this paper. All that can be done to make this the greatest of great affairs will be done. We are pleased to know with what zeal you work. The expenses would be greater for your battalion than some could afford. Yes, we will make room for The Loyal Sons Artillery Co. Right welcome they will be.

Philadelphia.—There are now some fine wigwams in your city, and the boys say they cannot rest until they double the present number. The spirit of liberty rests within their bosoms. Independence Hall brings to their minds days gone by. We have been pleased with your enthusiasm, and sincerely trust you will continue to work for the great cause we advocate.

Marion Wigwam.—A wigwam of Loyal Sons is not a play-house, but a school of instruction—wherein the minds of every participant can promote a routine of beneficial thoughts. Each wigwam should procure Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Law, bring up prominent questions of interest for debate, and carefully note the doings of Congress and State Legislatures. It may seem dull at first, but after the mind becomes used to this healthy manner of thinking it will become a pleasant method of passing many happy hours. Each wigwam should have a good library, stored with works of benefit, not with silly trash—which ought not to enter into the reading material of any first-class society. Let each brother seek to become prominent in questions of law and civil government, and strive to conduct himself in such a manner as shall fit him in after years for any position which may be offered him by his country or people. There is room for all. The Loyal Sons must come to the front.

Amateur Journalism!

Correspondence, papers, etc., intended for this department should be addressed to Junius W. C. Wright, 530 Rayburn avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

The Poet Laureateship.

There does not seem to be a very lively competition for the prize offered by the National Amateur Press Association for the best poetical effusion. Up to the present time but two poems have appeared, and as the conditions of the award require all competitors to publish their productions in some amateur paper *three months before Convention*, it is probable that the choice will lie between these two alone, or at any rate among a very few. One reason for this is that the plan of the award with the conditions attached were not distinctly known. If a little of the space used for other purposes in the *National Amateur*, had been devoted to a clear and comprehensive exposition of the plan of granting prizes, many more would have entered the lists and the new feature would have proven a success. But as usual, after many elaborate details and magnificent intentions nothing *practical* has resulted. It was our intention to enter into a careful review of the two poems, "Music," and "In the Woods," which are the only ones competing for the prize up to date, but on reflection we have concluded to say nothing either way that might influence the opinions of the judge.

"Music," has a most noble theme, fully exemplified in the opening couplet—

"Through Art and Nature flows a melody
Of highest and divinest harmony."

"In the Woods" is lighter in tone, easy and flowing in style, the meter being well sustained throughout. The following lines which conclude the third stanza are especially excellent.

"In storm or calm, alike we see
The footsteps of a Deity—
Who walks upon the stormy floods,
Who sprinkles blossoms in the woods,
And stamps on every flower and tree
The impress of His majesty."

The time yet remaining is very brief indeed, yet we hope to see several more appear. Otherwise the committee of award have a difficult task before them to decide between these two.

Notes.

The Missouri A. P. A. meets at Hannibal, March 15th.

It is considered very doubtful when the *Amateur* will make its next appearance.

Clossey has entirely given up *Our Free Lance* and it is said he will retire from Amateur Journalism very soon.

Charles H. Young and Edward A. Oldham, have been added to the list of candidates for President of the National A. P. A., and Parsons for Vice-President.

E. E. Stowell of the *Weekly Advocate*, appreciates a good thing. He states in a recent issue of his paper—"The Young New Yorker of New York city is a good paper for boys."

Our "Interviews with Prominent Amateurs," will be commenced very soon. Wyndham A. Morris heads the list and our amateur friends may expect some very sound views on current topics of especial interest to the fraternity.

We acknowledge the receipt of a very neatly printed invitation to attend the February Convention of the Western Amateur Press Association. Our talented friend Parsons, of *Our Blade*, will please accept thanks for the same.

Two New York amateurs speaking of the condemnation of the Eastern Amateur Press Association by the Iowa organization:

"It is ridiculous. I never heard of the like."

"What, never?"

"Well, hardly ever."

The December *Imp* arrives rather late. "A Wish," by Quince, is a poetical gem such as is rarely seen in amateur columns of late. The remainder of the contents—aside from a selected story—consists of editorials and paragraphs from the facile pen of the editor, J. Edson Briggs, who as usual is witty, sarcastic and sensible.

Frank M. Morris appoints Thos. G. Harrison acting first Vice-President of the Editor's Lyceum and official editor, considering him the most competent man for that position: Thos. G. Harrison expresses it as his opinion that Frank M. Morris deserves the next Presidency of the Western A. P. A., and figures it out nicely: Morris and Harrison publish the *Aldine*: thus it will be seen that Frank M. Morris and Thos. G. Harrison are eminently satisfied with each other.

E. W. Frye was badly defeated in the recent contest for President of the New England A. P. A., Stone being elected, as announced in our report several weeks since. Frye seems to be a hard working amateur, but in New England at least he is decidedly unpopular.

The campaign of the Western Amateur Press Association is opening up right lively. Frank Morris, Webster and Seaver are the nominees for President, and no doubt several other prominent amateurs will shortly enter the field. It would be but justice to elect Wyndham A. Morris, as he is an earnest worker in the cause, and it would be an agreeable termination to the "slight unpleasantness" which occurred at Chicago. Still we are with the *Welcome Visitor* when it says, "Let the best men win."

Too Smart a Sailsman.

BY W. H. MACY.

It was the one great object of life with Captain Ambrose Hiller, in the old Cassandra, to immortalize himself on canvas. Not in the ordinary sense, as an artist, but by keeping it spread on his spars long after his more prudent consorts had put it, by dint of reef-point and gasket, snug under control. He ought, in virtue of this weakness (or strength, as he considered it), to have been in command of the "Flying Cloud" or the "Sovereign of the Seas," instead of the Cassandra.

Not but that our veteran blubber-hunter was a good safe boat; indeed she could carry well all that her spars and cordage were fit to bear—these last being rather ancient and untrustworthy. But Captain Hiller never seemed to consider that it is much more convenient and becoming, even for the best sea-boat, to carry her sticks in an erect position, than to drag them at all sorts of oblique angles.

The storm-beaten rock, Diego Ramirz, a sort of outpost which guards the passage round the Horn, bore directly abeam of us, with a howling gale following us up from west-south-west. The Cassandra, deeply-laden, but with what seamen call a "lively cargo," oil and whalebone, reeled off before it under single-reefed fore and main-topsails and fore-course, while two of our best men had their hands full at the wheel. The captain was in his element—only one thing was wanting to crown his felicity—the sight of a consort bound on the same course, that he might "out-carry" him.

"Pretty well down, old C'sandry!" said he, in a kind of monologue, addressed to no one in particular, as he swung his flexible sea-legs fore-and-aft the quarter-deck. "She washes her own decks and rings her own bells, now! The Di-*eegos* in sight, too—that's always welcome, especially if we haven't seen the sun for two or three days; because it tells us where we are better than a whole slateful of figgers. We shall be in the Atlantic to-night, with plenty of room to slant her away to the north'ard. I think she'll bear a little more *tappa*, eh, Mr. Murray? The wind's steady."

"Steady enough," answered the mate; "and quite enough *of* it. *I* think she's carryin' all prudent canvas now. Them topmast backstays is none too good," he added, with a warning glance aloft.

"Well, I do'know; I guess they are good enough. If we don't try 'em well we shall never know whether they are good or not; and if they ain't good, we don't want 'em."

The mate was silenced, if not convinced, by this strange logic; but the cry of "Sail, oh!" from forward diverted both their minds from the subject for the present.

A bark, lying-to, directly in our track, not more than two miles off. But a few minutes would be required to pass her.

"He's a whaler, and homeward bound, too," said Mr. Murray, as soon as he brought the glass to bear.

"How do you know?" asked his superior.

"I know by the look of his boats; and more, by the copper, or rather the want of copper, on his bends."

"Yes, that's a sure mark," said Captain Hiller, taking the glass and satisfying himself. "A homeward-bounder and layin' under storm-stays'ls and a goose-wing! What's he thinkin' on to be hove-to with this breeze?"

"Perhaps she isn't so good a ship to scud as the C'sandry," suggested the mate.

"No, there ain't many't is. We'll show him what we can do. Give her the main-to'gans'l, Mr. Murray!" And the captain drove the joints of his telescope together with a bang.

It was useless to remonstrate now. The fiat had gone forth, and it was ours to obey. The captain had mounted his hobby, which was especially, carrying topgallant-sails over single-reefs.

The sail was loosed, sheeted home, and hoisted without accident, and our craft seemed fairly to leap under the added strain, while the towering seas rolled on in her wake, impotent to overtake us.

"I know who she is now, Mr. Murray," said the delighted captain. "She's the Arab, that left Turkeywarner (Talchuano) a week ahead of us. He ought to'been down off the Falklands now, with the winds he has had. Mind your helm, there! and keep her straight! Right for that feller's mainmast!"

"You won't pass very near him, I suppose, sir?" said Mr. Murray, inquiringly.

"I'm going to speak him!"

"It's ticklish work in such a sea-way as this, sir."

"Oh, I can shave right under his counter, if them fellers don't *get to sleep* there at the wheel."

There was little fear of it under the circumstances; though perhaps the captain meant to be understood figuratively.

"My trumpet, steward!"

It was already forthcoming; and the captain, seeing it, mounted lightly into the head of the quarter-boat, and stood erect, with a majesty of bearing worthy of—Britannia, ruling the waves.

Meanwhile, the captain and officers of the Arab were to be seen grouped near the taffrail, involuntarily shrinking back as we dashed down in our mad career toward them; for it seemed as if we were bent on "giving them the stem," with no more compunction than we might have shown in attacking a Malay pirate.

"Port! port your helm!"

But our ship, as if determined to be contrary at the most critical moment, had taken a wayward sheer, and it was necessary to jam the helm hard over to counteract it. For a moment we watched the effect with suspended breath; even Captain Hiller jumped back from his perilous station in the quarter-boat, but she swung just in time, obedient to the power of her rudder.

We could look away in under the Arab's counter, as she pitched heavily forward at that moment, elevating her stern in mid-air. We flew past her wake like a race-horse, Captain Hiller roaring through his brass tube, "How are you, Nichols? *Give us your hawser, and I'll take you in tow!*" They might almost have crossed trumpets as single-sticks, when the bark's stern came down again on the "send-aft." The quarter-boat barely escaped destruction; but at the last moment, the end of a spare spar projecting from the bark's stern-hawse, caught the ship's spanker-vang. A single jerk, as we tore clear of each other, and the gaff came thundering down upon the house over our heads. The astonished Captain Nichols had found no words to reply to our hail; we had passed out of hearing before he could gather his scattered wits.

We shuddered to think of what might have been the result, had the two vessels come bodily in contact. No great harm had been done as yet; but the helmsmen, thrown off their guard by the sudden fall of the gaff, had allowed the ship to make another broad yaw.

"Starboard! Starboard hard, and meet her!"

It was too late. The gale, blowing so strong on one quarter, proved too much for the strength of our backstays. Crash came the maintop-gallant-mast and sail, with all the hamper, down about our ears, adding another element to the confusion and excitement.

"What she can't carry, she'll drag," muttered the mate. "Guess it'll be enough without towing the Arab."

"Bear a hand, there, and clear away the wreck!" said the captain, as soon as the ship had swung back to her course. "Get it all down on deck, as fast as you can!"

"You don't see the worst of it, sir," answered Mr. Murray, pointing aloft. "The head of the topmast is gaping at the sheave-hole!"

Here was a kettle of fish. Quite enough for us to do to get the ship under short sail and make all snug, though we succeeded in getting it done, without the topmast breaking entirely off. The wind began to moderate down while we were thus engaged; but we dared not attempt to run before the mountainous sea, when unable to carry a press of canvas. The only safety in scudding, is to drive the vessel fast enough to keep ahead of the rollers—if her spars will bear it.

Night found us lying-to, waiting for the sea to go down; and the next morning, while trying to cobble up our damages, we had the satisfaction of seeing the Arab pass us, at a safe distance, but not so far off as to hinder us from fancying that we could hear her skipper say to us through his speaking-trumpet: "How are you, Hiller? Give us your hawser, and I'll take you in tow!"

A large clipper ship, showing a cloud of studding-sails, passed us shortly after. It was the Bald Eagle.

"*He's* rigged for it," growled the mate, as he looked after the latter. "I suppose, if we hadn't got into this snarl, the old man would be for tryin' to out-carry *him* to-day. If he hadn't wanted to show off to Nichols, and got all hands up-in-heaps, and the ship away off'n her course, she would ha' gone through all right. I never see nothin' gained by tryin to be *too smart.*"

Nor did he in this case; for the Arab, though no great sailer, arrived home a fortnight ahead of us, while our sharp-shooting friend, the Bald Eagle, beat us thirty days!

News and Notes of the Day.

The Chinamen on the Pacific coast number 130,000.

A Geneva (Switzerland) letter says that American anthracite coal is rapidly coming into use in that city, both in private houses and factories.

It is proposed to celebrate at Pompeii, this summer, the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the destruction of that city by an eruption from Vesuvius.

Bodie is a town of California. Six months ago it had 500 to 600 buildings and a population of 1,400. Now it has some 4,000 buildings and a population of 7,000.

Since Feb. 20th, 1878, eight Cardinals have died, one has become Pope, and there remain only fifty-five in all at present. In the next Consistory Pope Leo XIII. will fill the vacancies in the college.

It is asserted that from the summit of Mount Etna the circle of vision has the enormous radius of 150.7 miles. The habitable zone of the mountains is very fertile and sustains a dense population—1,424 to the square mile.

The beautiful castle of Miramar, near Trieste, which Maximilian built and lived in before his departure for Mexico, is still splendidly kept up by the Emperor Francis Joseph's orders as a souvenir of his unfortunate brother.

The St. Gothard tunnel beneath the Alps has been bored more than seven miles and a half, which is about seventy feet more than the length of the Mont Cenis. It is expected that the two gangs of workmen will meet in January next.

The Oxford University calendar for 1879 gives the number of undergraduates as 2,763, against 2,679 last year; but the names of many undergraduates are retained on the books who have left without taking a degree, so that a considerable reduction must be made from these figures.

Only 1 1-2 per cent. of all persons who landed at the port of New York during the year 1878, settled in the South. The West received some 46 per cent., 52 per cent. settled in the Eastern States, and less than 1 per cent. in Canada. Texas was the favorite destination of nearly all who went South.

The sleeping hours of a plant were changed recently by a French chemist, by exposing it to a bright light at night and placing it in a dark room during the daytime. At first the leaves opened and closed irregularly, but at length submitted to the change, unfolding at night and closing in the morning.

A German merchant presented to the Emperor William, on his last birthday, a flute which had been the companion of Frederick the Great, until the loss of his front teeth, for which in those days there were no substitutes, put a finish to his performances. The flute has been placed in the Hohenzollern collection.

Little has been said of late regarding the tunnel between France and England, but preparations for the work continue. Seven thousand five hundred and seventy-one soundings have taken place within 600 feet of the French coast, with a view of ascertaining the form and geological nature of the ground, and 3,267 specimens have been obtained. Similar soundings have also taken place on the English side.

Nature announces the invention of a telegraphic writing machine. When the writer at one end of the line moves his pen, a pen at the other end transcribes the words in precisely similar curves and motions, as though guided by a phantom hand. Experiments have been entirely satisfactory, and at last accounts the apparatus was soon to be made public before the British Society of Telegraphic Engineers. Mr. E. A. Cowper, a member of the society, is the inventor.

On the numerous book-stands which line the narrow, crowded thoroughfares of Canton, China, the most conspicuous, even among old classical books, is a work wrapped in a bright yellow paper cover and entitled "The Vulgar Tongue of the Red-Haired Barbarians." It was printed in the beginning of this century, and every aspiring boy or future cooly makes it a rule to invest his half-dozen "cash" in the purchase of the work, in order to learn the red-haired tongue, or the English language on a "pidgin" scale.

Near Ashland, Oregon, early one morning recently, a forest of pine trees was seen bending down as though bowed by a terrific gale of wind. At the same time not a breath of air was in motion. During the previous night a furious storm had passed over the forest, accompanied by rain and snow, and the steady force of the wind had bent the trees and held them in that position until the falling snow and the freezing rain had fastened them in unyielding bonds of ice, and so they remained until the sun set them free.

Dion Boucicault told a correspondent of the Boston *Gazette* that Dickens was a good actor for an amateur, and probably was the hero of the theatrical experience ascribed to *Nicholas Nickleby*. "There is a lady," Mr. Boucicault said, "who for many years has been deservedly popular in this country as a star, who might, as I suspect, throw some light on this same episode, if she pleased to look back into the records of her childhood." He thinks there is nothing strange in the fact that Dickens's brief experience as an actor has been kept out of publicity. "If, when he was a stripling of 16 or 17 years of age, he slipped down to Southampton or to Gloucester under an assumed name, and played some subordinate parts, and if he became disgusted with the life after a brief experience, he could have returned to his place as a reporter on a newspaper, and no one would have been the wiser. Again, he gives *Nicholas* a literary capacity, and makes him write a play. This adds another significant incident to the rest, which seems to confirm the suspicion that Dickens described his own adventures for those of *Nicholas;* for if he were in such a position, his literary capacity would have prompted him to do precisely what *Nicholas*, who is not accredited with any such powers, is represented to have done successfully."

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

Terms To Subscribers.

One copy, six months, ... $1.25
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NOTICE.—We will furnish back numbers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, to No. 1, as required, post-paid, on the remittance of five cents per copy. Back numbers can also be ordered through any newsdealer.

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OUR BOYS.

WE have received so many letters of late from our boy readers, complimenting THE YOUNG NEW YORKER on suiting them exactly, and asking us all sorts of questions about its future, that we feel obliged to say a few words in answer. We now publish, as one of our correspondents says, the only boys' newspaper in existence. THE YOUNG NEW YORKER is the only paper which collects all the special news likely to interest boys, and gives it to them weekly. There are plenty of newspapers for men and women, and plenty of journals that depend for their interest on stories and pictures alone, but so far as we know there is no such thing as a boys' newspaper outside of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. Such a paper would hardly be a possible success in any country but our own, where such wide freedom is accorded to our youth, in harmony with our republican form of government. We believe in teaching our boys to govern themselves by the rules of morality and self-respect, because we know that in a few short years they will be men, compelled to do so. Therefore we hold that the lesson cannot be too early learned.

We wish to call the attention of our boy readers to a few facts. All newspapers are made in one way. They are gatherers of news from all quarters, to be condensed in the office and served out.

If our boys wish their pet journal to be a successful newspaper, they should send us the news from their separate localities, so as to give us as much material as possible, besides what we gather ourselves. We shall be glad to acknowledge and use all such items. The senders should in all cases give us their names and addresses, written in the upper left hand corner of their Manuscript, as a guarantee of good faith, but not for publication unless they wish it. Thus they can help to make THE YOUNG NEW YORKER a model boys' paper.

Of the literary part of our work, in the shape of serials, sketches and articles, we shall have more to say from week to week. In our next number will commence a new story by the editor, entitled "Pluck Wins, or the Story of Perseverance Boat Club," the story of a group of boys and their gallant struggles against all sorts of obstacles.

This will be followed very soon by OLIVER OPTIC'S last and best boys' story, "The Pink of the Pacific, or the Adventures of a Stowaway," a tale of life among the Malay pirates, full of interest and excitement.

We intend during the present year to give our readers plenty of the very best stories that money can buy, and all the current news that boys delight in.

We ask them in turn to help us with items of boys' news, that in so doing they may help themselves.

Captain Boyton's Trip.

LAST week's record of our friend's trip down the Ohio left him at Wheeling, West Virginia, Friday, February 28th, with a broken paddle, and the river gorged with ice. He had to remain at Wheeling till a new paddle was made, and then started on his longest trip, beginning on Monday, March 3d, at daybreak. He had no special trouble till leaving Marietta, Ohio, which he did at 5 A. M., March 5th, before daylight, and the darkness was increased by a heavy fog, which hung over the river and prevented all steamboat traffic, temporarily. As the hour of his departure was not known only about thirty persons witnessed his start, which was made in his own characteristic, fearless manner. As the shivering spectators huddled together and watched Boyton's movements, by lantern light, he advanced to the water's edge, eagerly scanned the gloom, and without a sign of hesitation plunged in. Very soon the fog hid him from view, but the voyager awoke the quiet little village with the ringing notes of his bugle, while the dip, dip, of his paddle could plainly be heard as he drove ahead for Gallipolis, 102 miles away down the stream. The steamer Chesapeake passed him just above Parkersburg, West Virginia, and a small parcel containing the swimmer's breakfast was handed him from the steamer's side, which he placed on his breast and began to eat leisurely.

About three thousand people were waiting at Parkersburg to see the great navigator, but he passed in a fog, surrounded by small boats which put out from shore to greet him. The Chesapeake again passed him at eleven o'clock, near Belleville, and the Captain's dinner was giving him. Big Hocking, Ohio, was reached at noon, at which time the fog had lifted and the shores could be seen on either side. The Captain then began to make better time, and Ravenswood, Va., was reached at seven P. M. Here the shore was lit up by immense bonfires, and the whole population was out on the banks. After taking a cup of coffee the plucky voyager stood out to the middle of the stream, munching a sandwich as he went. The steamer Carrie sighted the floating man near Goose Island at half-past nine P. M., and the passengers were entertained by some music from his bugle. Letart's Falls was passed at half-past ten P. M., and the good people of Syracuse were aroused from their beds by the sound of a bugle at midnight. Boyton reported feeling very tired and drowsy at this time, but kept bravely on his course, and Pomeroy, Ohio, was reached at five o'clock A. M., March 6th.

Just after leaving Pomeroy Boyton was awakened from a state of drowsiness by the sound of a paddle-wheel just behind him, and was startled to find the steamer Telegraph bearing right down on him. Summoning all his energy he blew his horn and yelled, "Port, port, or I'm a dead man!" Instantly the pilot's wheel was reversed and the steamer, changing her course, just missed striking him, although the Captain was so close as to disappear beneath the guards. Campaign Creek, Ohio, was passed at six A. M., just as day broke, and the daylight cheered the lonely traveler to spurt for several miles. When about a mile above Gallipolis, near the West Virginia side, the gallant Captain narrowly escaped instant death. While floating along at a rapid pace he observed a boat containing two river gipsies put out from one of the floating houses which abound on the Ohio River. The Captain waited until the craft was near enough, and then stood upright, intending to ask the time of day. In a moment one of the men, pale with excitement, raised a musket to his shoulder and took deliberate aim. Boyton screamed out a warning just as the trigger was about to be pulled, and thus saved his life. Shortly afterward Gallipolis was reached amid great enthusiasm.

Thence he started, March 7th, for Portsmouth, Ohio, 90 miles off.

The next heard of the Captain he was at Ironton, Ohio, March 7th. The telegram says that after twelve hours of continuous paddling Captain Paul Boyton arrived at nine o'clock in the evening, having made a run of sixty miles down the Ohio current. He left Gallipolis at nine o'clock in the morning, amid the cheers of the populace and the strains of music. The first few miles were made in ordinary time, but soon Boyton began to spurt and the remainder of the journey was remarkable in point of rapidity. Raccoon Island was passed at ten o'clock, making eight miles in an hour, about doubling his ordinary speed. The steamer Lizzie Johnston passed him near Chambersburg at noon, the passengers greeting him with loud cheers. Millersport was passed at two P. M., and Huntington was sighted at twenty minutes to five. Here extensive preparations were made to receive the plucky swimmer, but so much rowdyism was displayed that he refused to land, running over to the Ohio side, and passing by, to the consternation of the waiting multitude.

Shortly after six o'clock the Captain came in sight of the steamer Fashion, lying at the mouth of the Big Sandy River, the boundary separating West Virginia from Kentucky. The steamer was sent from Catlettsburg, two miles below, with a delegation of Kentucky ladies and gentlemen to welcome Boyton to the shores of old Kentucky. Boyton soon came alongside and kept up a running conversation with the passengers as he was escorted to Catlettsburg, where a banquet was prepared on the river bank. The bold navigator, although weary and drowsy, refused to leave the water, but partook of refreshments in the river. Three cheers were then given, to which he responded by pulling out into the darkness and yelling heartily, "Viva Kentucky!" He then continued on his trip, and his bugle could be heard at Ironton long before he landed. Here a beacon fire was prepared. When about a mile above Ironton the steamer Fannie Dugan, going up-stream, almost ran him down. He arrived at nine o'clock precisely.

Captain Boyton says his muscles are becoming hardened, but he is fast losing flesh. His next run is to Maysville, after which he intended to make a stretch of it to Cincinnati, arriving on Tuesday of this week. As great excitement prevails there, extensive police preparations have been ordered to avoid accidents.

Success to the brave Captain is the wish of all the readers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER.

How to Judge Oranges.

AN experienced fruit merchant of New York informs us that the Florida orange is considered the best that grows. Of course you can pick out just as good oranges from a lot of Valencia or Messina fruit, but the general standard of the fruit is not so high as that which is produced in Florida. The latter are selling now at about $5 a box, while the former bring only about $2.50. With one exception there is not much difference in good oranges no matter where they come from. That is, a good Valencia or Messina orange looks and tastes about the same as a good Florida orange. A good orange may be judged by its appearance. It is heavy, smooth-skinned and of a dark or reddish color. The common notion that a rough skin is an indication of a good orange is incorrect, though of course you may sometimes find a good orange with a rough skin. An exception is the Mandarin orange, which though very small is, on account of its peculiar flavor, more highly esteemed than any other. It is grown chiefly in the neighborhood of Palermo, Sicily, and rarely reaches this country because of its peculiarly perishable nature. It is said to derive its name from being originally found in China. A few Mandarin oranges grow on the coast of Mississippi at Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis and thereabouts. Lemons have not thus far been cultivated with success in this country. The bulk of the crop is raised in the neighborhood of Messina in the island of Sicily. A few, however, are raised near Naples, and also about Menton in France and Malaga in Spain. The Menton lemons reach New York in June, July and August, and those of Malaga in September, October and November. The Messina lemons keep coming all the year round. The largest lemons are not necessarily the best. The best indication of a good lemon is a smooth skin.

Pathetic.

WE are reminded that times are hard by the following pathetic puzzle which we take from an Ohio exchange. The editor says: "If our readers are inclined toward deciphering the mysterious, we offer them the annexed puzzle, and recommend the original riddle to the careful consideration of our readers who think it means them:

I	"By a careful and continued ap-
FY	plication for a time it may be
OUO	solved, and we can but think, when
WEFO	solved, a not very great length of
RYOUR	time will elapse before the benefit of
PAPE	this solution would be felt in a form
RPA	that we appreciate. This conclusion,
YU	however, may be problematic, but
P	shall anxiously await its determina-

tion, trusting that it may be in our favor." We hope the editor received many substantial answers.

To Letter-Writers.

A VERY sensible man gives the following reasons for the non-receipt of letters by parties to whom they are supposed to be sent, and we commend the lesson to all correspondents. He tells careless letter-writers why their letters do not go. It is for one of the following causes:

Because you forgot to address it.

Because you forgot to stamp it.

Because you forgot to write the town or State on the envelope.

Because you didn't write the street and number plainly.

Because you didn't put three cents on the letter for every half-ounce or fractional part thereof.

Because you used a once canceled stamp.

Because you cut out an envelope stamp and pasted it on your letter.

Because you have used internal revenue stamps instead of postage stamps.

Because you have used old, out of date, stamps.

Because you put one cent on for a drop or city letter, when it should be two cents.

Because you used a foreign stamp.

Because you wrote the address so badly that no one could read it.

Because you wrote the address on the top of the envelope, and it was surely obliterated by the post-office dating, receiving and canceling stamps.

And because you put your letter in a blank envelope, and sealed it, and forwarded it to—the dead-letter office, where thousands upon thousands of valuable letters are daily destroyed, because the people are either careless or ignorant upon the postal laws.

The Pedomotor.

WE have received so many letters about this new invention that we insert the following description for the benefit of our readers: The pedomotor is the invention of Mr. J. H. Hobbs, architect, Philadelphia. It consists of four tough, light wooden wheels, supplied with an outer rim of tough india-rubber. These wheels are secured to a frame the shape of the foot, which is strapped to the pedal extremities in the usual manner. Unlike roller-skates, the wheels of these little vehicles are not under, but are placed on each side of the foot, thus giving the wearer a good standing as well as a solid footing. The rear wheels are three inches in diameter, while those in front are but two and a half inches. This gives the foot a slight incline, and when in motion has much to do in impelling the pedestrian forward. Extending from the toe, with a slight curl toward the ground, is a piece of casting termed the pusher, which is simply used in mounting elevations or steep inclines. From the center of the heel a small brass wheel extends backward, serving as a brake. The whole scarcely turns the scale at a pound weight.

It is claimed that a person can make ten or twelve miles an hour on this machine without labor, the motion being the same as walking, but we are not prepared to credit this fully.

An Open Polar Sea.

CAPTAIN A. B. TUTTLE, Arctic navigator, has been interviewed by *The St. Louis Republican*. He was with the Japan expedition last year, and states that he saw an open polar sea. He encountered the ice-belt in latitude 81. By climbing to the highest points on the icy barrier, he could see directly into an open polar sea lying beyond, and by tracing along the belt eastwardly, he found a passage through it into the sea, with a depth of 90 fathoms, or 540 feet. The water was quite warm, and a gulf stream was steadily setting out with a velocity of from four to six miles per hour. He pulled through this passage in whale-boats, and found it to be about eighteen miles wide. In the north part of this open sea he found nearly fresh leaves of plantains, bananas, and other tropical plants floating on the water, and showing that they had been off the trees but a short time. Last October he found a large female whale going north through the open passage before mentioned, and also saw migratory birds going north. In July these birds went back south with their young, and about the same time he observed the whales going south with their young. Captain Tuttle believes that this open polar sea can be explored, and he is going to Washington to lay his observations and plans before the government. This interview with Tuttle only confirms the theories of Hayes and Kane, supposed to be refuted by the English Nares expedition. Whether the open water seen by Tuttle was a mere inlet into the ancient ic , time will show.

Beetles as Ornaments.

AT General Grant's reception, in England, the object, next to the general himself, that attracted the most attention was a lady adorned with a *scarabeus*. The beetle was most positively alive; not a good piece of machinery, but a genuine living, crawling pet. I was most anxious to interview this "*La Dame aux Scarabées.*" Fortune favored me, for I received a letter from a friend offering to introduce me to the owner of this rare beetle. The possessor of this new-fashioned living ornament is Mrs. Randolph Clay. She carries the beetle about wrapped up between two pieces of flannel, and that again incased in two pieces of colored cloth. The first sight of this captive beetle I never shall forget. He is about two inches long, and his color is very wonderful. It is not a gorgeous color, but *matte*, which by connoisseurs in æsthetic taste is called "dead-gold color." The edges of the body are almost iridescent, and the lower portions of his legs are tinted, so as almost to remind one of the subdued light of a glow-worm. His coat of dead-gold color is relieved by markings in beautiful pattern of an ebony-black. So beautiful is this captive insect that he is bound to his mistress by a band and chain of gold of the most delicate workmanship. The chain is of such a length as to allow the beetle to march about at his will. He is not always lively and in good temper, but moves about the drawing-room table when the room becomes quite warm. Mrs. Clay wears him on different colored satin ribbons to match the dress. She has been to the British Museum to see if there is any specimen of the same kind in the collection. There are two, but no history is given of them. The history of this beetle is that it has been sent over from Yucatan, the south coast of the Gulf of Mexico. The channel of Yucatan separates Cuba from the mainland. It has been now in captivity seven months. Mrs. Clay is in great distress, as she cannot persuade it to take any nourishment of any kind. My own idea is that this creature, in its beetle state, does not eat so much as when in the grub state, even if it eats at all. Mrs. Clay, however, thinks that from the conformation of its legs, which are armed with sharp claws for holding on and for other reasons, that it finds its food on the bark of the wild fig-tree of Yucatan; but she would be very pleased if any one learned in entomology would give her advice on the subject, as she is very fond of her tame beetle, which is certainly one of the most interesting pets I ever saw. A scientific gentleman says that they were found under the bark of and under fallen trees, that they probably live on vegetable matter if they feed at all.—*Land and Water.*

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Special Notice.—THE YOUNG NEW YORKER is prepared to answer questions on all the subjects treated of in the paper. Competent writers have been engaged for our departments of sports, pastimes, athletics, etc., so that our readers may depend on correct information.

We shall be pleased to receive accounts from school and college clubs of contests in athletics of all sorts.

N. B.—We do not undertake to decide wagers, nor to deal with anything involving the elements of gambling and betting in any form.

Address all communications to EDITOR YOUNG NEW YORKER, 98 William street, New York City, inclosing real name and address of writer as guarantee of good faith. Anonymous letters burnt in future.

☞ The publishers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER will always be glad to receive and consider contributions from authors of well-known reputation on subjects suitable for, and congenial to, boys and young men. Such contributions will be given early attention, and early use when found available.

C. L. B. Your article is in this week's issue.

F. A. C., Erie, Pa. Ask at the largest stationery store in your town for sizes of files.

E. T. G., Mahanoy City. Charles Reiche, New York city, bird dealer, is a good man in birds.

W. W. F., Watertown. We cannot answer questions by mail. Write to Peck & Snyder, New York city.

H. R. P., Allegheny City. The articles on "Home Amusements" are unavoidably postponed for a while.

C. G. T., Marshalltown, Iowa. No one can do what you wish better than yourself. Send us the news.

RED STOCKING, Boston. You will have to give us a little lee-way on the base-ball. Next week we hope to have plenty of news.

H. W. S., Oswego. We shall be happy to send you a correspondent's ticket, with the usual privileges, if you desire it. Please advise us.

G. R. S. We gave prices of pigeons in No. 1 of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. We can send you any book on the subject you choose to order and pay for.

HENRY ROER, Utica. Consult the "Tribune Almanac" for all questions about State and U. S. officials, consuls, etc. Your writing and spelling are fair.

CINCINNATIAN. Your scores were very good. The Western paper is the Chicago *Field*. East there are the *Spirit*, *Turf*, *Forest and Stream*, *Clipper*, etc., all of New York city.

G. G. R. Oll Coomes will very soon have a story here. We shall give papers on all the sports in season. Two weeks till a new story. Your writing is not poetry yet, but it has feeling.

POULTRY RAISER. No incubator *can* hatch eggs in two days. An incubator is only a substitute for a hen, and the closer it imitates the hen the better. Eruptions on the face are cured by air and exercise.

W. H. B. If you will borrow a fifty-foot tape from some friend, and measure Washington Square yourself, you will know the exact distance which you have to cover in a given walk better than we could tell you.

C. M. P., Scranton, Pa. If you like to send us reliable news, we shall be much obliged to you, and will see that you do not lose by it. At the same time we must have a guarantee of your responsibility and character

BOSTON READER. We are considering the question of a "checkers" department, but doubt its advisability, inasmuch as our chess answers seem to come from a limited class. We answer questions in their order as early as possible.

M. M. E., Rock Bottom, Mass. Many thanks for your letter. We always publish results of matches when they are concluded, but not before. Just now the country is overrun with sham pedestrians who do not finish their matches.

R. J. S., Baltimore. Pedomotors are not regularly for sale yet. There is no champion walker of the State you name, so far as we are aware. New story week after next by Capt. Whittaker. Mayne Reid coming on soon as required.

C. A. HANNA, Cadiz, Ohio. Judging from the print and date, the coin is of no special value, except for its weight in metal. Still it might fill a niche in some numismatic collection. Hold on to it and watch the papers for names of numismatists.

CRESCENT CITY. When you make inquiries about the honesty of other people you should always give your own name as a guarantee of good faith. We have always found the Loyal Sons "on the square" with us; and Masonic head-quarters have taken them up and indorse them. That is all we care to say to any one on the subject.

X and W., Mattoon, Ill. 1st. If you keep your pigeons confined, give them an allowance. If they are loose, feed them well or they will go elsewhere. 2d. Corn and dried peas, corn meal boiled, crusts of bread soaked and broken, will do for pigeons in the order named. 3d. Pigeons should have roomy boxes, weather tight. 4th. The pouter and English carrier are the largest varieties.

M. C. L. writes: "1st. What is the average hight and weight of a boy 16 years old? 2d. Do you think a mile in 10m. 20s. is good time for me? 3d. I have taken a great many papers, but I like yours the best." ANSWERS. 1st. Impossible to answer any more than the average hight of a grown man. Weight from 100 to 150 lbs. 2d. Quite, for one who has never practiced. 3d. Thanks.

A. C. K. 1st. We do not care to enter much into questions of wrestling matches not on the square. Miller and Bauer are old "hippodromers," and have not yet wrestled a genuine match. 2d. Canceled stamps are worthless except to some collector. 3d. You will see the next story announced in order. 4th. This year's League clubs are as strong as ever. 5th. We cannot hunt up individual records except of the *highest* order.

CHARLIE, Newark. Oliver Optic's story will commence next month. France is now a republic, ruled by President Grévy; Germany an empire under Wilhelm I.; England and Italy kingdoms, under Queen Victoria and King Humbert I. You cannot act as correspondent till you send us your full name and residence, with references. Your news should come in on Friday. Gold was discovered in California in 1848 in Sutter's mill-race.

A SUBSCRIBER says: "1st. I am 18 years old, and weigh 135 lbs., and as I intend to enter for training next summer, I would like very much to know if I am too heavy for my size—some say I am? 2d. Can a Nova Scotian join the Loyal Sons of America?" ANSWERS. 1st. No one can say without seeing you. How tall are you and how built? If you are fat you must train down. 2d. No one but a native of the U. S. of America can at present enter the order.

W. E. SARGENT. 1st. Hunt up a Boston boatbuilder and get his prices if you want to be sure. 2d. Best rowing on record was made by Emerald Club, of Saginaw, Mich., in the Detroit river, with a strong current to help them, 1 1-2 miles in 7:40 1-2, four oars. Best still water, 1 1-2 miles was done in 8:50 1-2, pair oar, Mutual Club, Albany; best single skull, 9:00 3-4, G. W. Lee, Newark, N. J., 1878. 3d. There is no first-class book on gymnastics that we can recommend.

D. T. F., Boston, asks: "1st. When will the base-ball books of 1879 come out? 2d. Is there any man credited with 540 miles in six days (go as you please)? 3d. What is the best record of Charles Rowell, of the Astley tournament? 4th. Are you going to have a column for private theatricals in your paper?" ANSWERS. 1st. April 1st. 2d. None. The best on record, Corkey, is inside of 523 miles. 3d. Rowell's best record was that he finished third in the last match at 470 miles. 4th. Not at present.

AMATEUR EMIGRANT, Branford, Conn., asks: "Will you please inform me through your columns what the fare to Santa Fé, New Mexico, would be, and what is the best route to travel by?" ANSWER. The route would be by New York through to Denver, Col., by U. P. R. R. and branches, thence to Santa Fé. Fare—New York to Chicago, $20; Chicago to Omaha, $15.50; Omaha to Cheyenne, $31; Cheyenne to Denver, $5; Denver to El Moro, $18; thence by road or stage to Santa Fé, 60 miles, price uncertain. Total cost, $89.50 by rail at least, with no food or sleep allowance.

YOUNG NEW YORKER asks: "1st. How much will a good, long-sighted telescope cost, one that shows time on a town-clock ten miles distant? 2d. Does Oliver Optic write for any magazine? When are you going to publish one of his stories and what is the name of it? 3d. THE YOUNG NEW YORKER is the best paper ever published; it is as good as the *Clipper*." ANSWERS. 1st. Such a glass would be worth more than a hundred dollars, and, in fact, we do not believe such has ever been made. 2d. Oliver Optic's story will appear next month. It is called "The Pink of the Pacific." 3d. Much obliged.

ARDENT ADMIRER writes: "1st. I am 16 years old and very large and light for my age. I am not very strong, and would like to know how to become strong and heavy? 2d. How do you use dumb-bells and Indian clubs?" ANSWERS. 1st. Exercise at heavy weights, beginning at light ones and going up by small degrees—say a pound a day. However, we would not recommend such a course. You are better off light and active than strong and slow. 2d. Use light dumb-bells and try putting them up so many times. Begin with five or ten times till you can go to a hundred or five hundred. For clubs, buy Kehoe's book and use six-pounders.

CONSTANT READER, San Francisco, asks: 1st. "Who made the longest standing jump, running jump and running high jump—telling the name of the person, what city or town he resides, and how many feet and inches each? 2d. Who lifts the heaviest dumb-bell in the United States, and how many pounds?" ANSWERS. 1st. Standing broad jump, 13ft. 10in., J. Emerick, Oil City, Pa., Sept. 19th, 1878; running broad jump, without artificial aid, 23ft. 1 1-2in.; J. Lane, Dublin University Athletic Club, Dublin, June 10th, 1874; running high jump, M. J. Brooks, Oxford Athletic Club, London, Eng., April 7th, 1876. 2d. R. A. Pennell, New York, 201 1-2 lbs., Jan. 31st, 1874.

TRUE BLUE asks: "1st. Can you tell me where I can get a pedimotor and how much? 2d. Has two miles in 16 minutes ever been beat? 3d. Has one mile in 7 1-2 minutes ever been beat? 4th. Will you please inform me if a wigwam of the L. S. of A. has been formed here? 5th. What is the best cure for frostbitten feet, and what is the best way to keep them from getting in this condition, as I have to walk a great deal before day, and it is very annoying as sometimes I can hardly get along?" ANSWERS. 1st. Not yet. They are not yet quoted in the trade. 2d. Yes; by professional and amateur walkers. 3d. Yes; by same. 4th. Write to the Secretary of State. See L. S. of A. column. 5th. There is no cure but warm weather. To prevent them, wear woollen socks, good boots and heavy arctic overshoes outside these again. You cannot keep your feet too warm in winter. Cold feet are ruinous to health.

ALASKA asks: "1st. Do you consider the Evans repeater of .44 calibre a good arm for hunting the bear, seal and other animals that abound in Alaska? 2d. Do you consider Alaska a good country for hunting and trapping? 3d. Please give me a general overland route to Alaska? 4th. Where can I get some books on hunting and trapping in Alaska?" ANSWERS. 1st. Excellent if the holder be a good shot and cool. 2d. Few better, barring the Indians, who would resent intrusion. 3d. Straight through Manitoba, following the rivers and lakes. Your best way would be to go by sea from San Francisco. 4th. There is nothing better than the annual report of the Secretary of the Interior, which contains sub-reports on the various products of the different territories. Write to your member of Congress at Washington, for a copy, and perhaps you may get one. They are not for sale. Whymper's "Alaska" is for sale by Harpers, but worth little.

J. F. J. says: "I am a reader of your paper—No. 7 was the first that I bought—finding it more interesting than those I have been reading. I'll put aside those and take THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. Please answer to the questions: 1st. Where can I get a frontier suit and how much will it cost? 2d. I am 18 years of age, but I have had very little schooling—from my sixth to my ninth and a half years of age—that's all the schooling I had. How do you like my writing? 3d. At what could I put myself to earn a few shillings more weeks? I have got to work hard for the few dollars I get. I am ashamed to let you know it. 4th. Do you know anything that I can take to quit chewing tobacco? 5th. Is fencing a good exercise? If it is, please let me know where I can get a book to guide me—and the cost?" ANSWERS. 1st. On the frontier, cost ten to thirty dollars. 2d. Your writing is poor. 3d. Never be ashamed of work. It is nobler than begging. Improve your mind by hard study, stick to your work, leave the frontier alone and you will do well yet. 4th. Nothing but resolution and orris root. If you could hire a man to thrash you severely every time he caught you chewing, it might cure you, but he should have no mercy if you beg off. 5th. Fencing is good, but fencing books expensive.

RESPEX, Terre Haute, Ind., asks: "1st. Where can I procure a cheap work on scientific amusements, *i.e.*, a book containing instructions how to manufacture different articles, etc. Let me know the price? 2d. What will prevent wax molds from sticking to coins, medals, etc.? 3d. Is the keeping of bees profitable? 4th. Name a good blood-purifier and instructions how to take it, and when? 5th. When are you going to open your set of articles on telegraphy, phonography, etc.? 6th. At what depth in the ground are diamonds found, and gold? What places are most renowned for diamonds—for gold?" ANSWERS. 1st. There is no such thing as cheapness in science. Write to any great publisher for a catalogue of his scientific works, and inclose a stamp for reply, and you will get all you need. 2d. Proper temperature ascertained by experiment, also water. 3d. Yes. 4th. Air and exercise, whenever you can get it, and throw all medicine into the nearest swamp. 5th. When the pressure of athletic news permits. 6th. All the way from two feet to two hundred or two thousand. For the rest of the question consult the nearest cyclopædia: it is hardly fair to take up our time in answering such simple questions.

AMATEUR SPORTSMAN, New York, says: "1st. I have a dog about one year old, of the Gordon setter species; would like to know how to train him for hunting purposes? 2d. Which is the best way of removing freckles? 3d. Is a mile in 6 minutes good for a boy of 15 years? 4th. Can you tell me the best stuff to rub on your legs to supple them? 5th. Which is the best mile on record? 6th. What do you think of my writing?" ANSWERS. 1st. The question is too general to be answered in full within our limits. You must first teach your dog to "drop to shot," or "down charge." This is done with a check-string, whip, patience and judgment. When perfect in this, he must be taken to the field with an old setter and taught to back his elder at a point, afterward to point himself. This also requires the check-string, but is a shorter lesson. Third, he must be taught to seek dead and bring it in. Fourth, he must learn to range wide and obey signals of the hand in quartering the ground. If you try to break your dog alone you may spoil him, but if you can find a good sportsman near you, who will help you, by patience you may succeed. 2d. Leave them alone or wear a vail. If you can't wear a vail, being a boy, grin and bear them. If you go into the sun in summer, long enough, you may get the freckles burnt into one common mask of tan. 3d. In running, fair; in walking—if possible—amazing. 4th. Petroleum oils of any sort, if you don't mind the smell. If you do, take vasoline, which is the same thing, deodorized. 5th. Walking, 6m. 23s.; running, 4:17 1-2; horse running, 1:39 3-4; horse trotting, 2:13 3-4; horse pacing, 2:14 1-2; bicycle, 2:54 1-2.

J. LA C. sends us the following: "I am a French-American boy, 18 years of age; my father is poor and in ill health, and depends on my help and a younger brother, aged 14, for support. We work in a cotton factory; my wages only amount to the small sum of $4.65 per week, while my brother only gets nine dollars per month (four weeks). I never had but eighteen months' schooling in all my life, but I have learned a lot by study and observation. Ever since I could read I have taken two or three papers weekly. I took THE YOUNG NEW YORKER when it first came out, and I think it the best boys' paper published—and I intend to take it as long as I can. Do you think that with my limited education, and by hard study, I could become a successful author? What books are to study for that purpose? where could I obtain them, and what would they cost? I have no future prospect, and I don't intend to work in the mill all my life—it is bad for my health—and to become an author has been the chief aim of my life ever since I could read. Please give me all the information possible? How is my writing, grammar, spelling and punctuation for a boy of my schooling? Please answer my letter through your 'Questions Answered'?" ANSWER. We are sorry to tell our young correspondent that he has a great deal to learn, and that to become an author he must first have something to say. Mere need of money does not make an author. Better earn it in some other way, for authors are poorly paid, with a few exceptions. No books will make an author, though all the books in the world will help to polish him if he have something to start with. J. La C. might better work on and watch his chance. Let him study anything and everything, for nothing comes amiss to an author. Very few men achieve success as authors till they have worked at least ten years for low pay. If J. La C. wants to begin, start as a reporter of local news for THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. If he succeeds, we can be sure he is good for something.

The Boy Jockey;

OR,

HONESTY VERSUS CROOKEDNESS.

By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRACY TALBOT.

"'Twas done as neat as though they had been practicing it all their lives in a theater," said Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon, as the parlor door closed behind them. "Persecuted loviers and a stern parient, who wastes a vast deal of breath in swearing that he will never forgive them, but who always ends by bee-lessing his chee-ildurn, and all are made forever happy by that act of bald-faced perjury. Though the *finale* is so assured, you might have let me see the play out, young man, in my capacity as friend of the family."

"It was a private affair, and we had no right to hang around as long as we did," shortly replied the boy jockey.

"It don't matter now. We're on the wrong side of the door, and can't go back to give them an *encore*. But I know just how it will end. The old gentleman is so soft-hearted, and dotes so on the girl, that she will just twist him around her finger. He will gradually simmer down, and when the party breaks up there will be a wedding on the programme."

True Blue visibly winced at this confident prediction, and Mr. Eppicoon stared at him in open-eyed astonishment, as a glimmer of the truth struck him. But this idea was so preposterous that the detective instantly smothered it. Not so quickly, however, but that True Blue read his glance aright, and caught at the first straw as he instinctively sought to guard his foolish secret.

"What did Mr. Blythe mean by that question? Do you know any thing about Tracy Talbot?"

"Well—yes. I think I may say I do," was the provokingly deliberate response. "There are not many persons now living who have better cause—but I don't care about discussing private affairs in such a public place; and then I'm too hungry. I was so busy hunting after you, that I didn't stop for supper. If you will come along, I know of a snug place not far from here, where we can be comfortable—"

True Blue made an impatient sign for his talkative companion to move on. All else was forgotten in his burning desire to learn something definite concerning the man whom he had reason to believe was his father, and who, thus far, had avoided his search like a veritable will-o the-wisp.

The detective regarded this impatience indulgently, and as he really was very hungry, he led the way out of the hotel and down the street at a rapid pace.

A few minutes brought them to a small, dingy-looking restaurant. Entering with the air of one well accustomed to the place, Eppicoon quickly gave his orders, then passed on to a private apartment at the rear of the building.

"A shabby-looking shell," he said, seating himself at the small, round table, and motioning the boy jockey to do likewise. "But their *cuisine* is superb, and their liquors simply divine. I always treat myself to a supper here, after I have done a neat piece of work; and I never think of the place without wishing I had a dozen stomachs, each one so big that it would take a month to fill it respectably!"

"But what about Tracy Talbot?" repeated True Blue, as the little snuff-colored man paused, smacking his lips.

"So much that I don't care about beginning the story until after I have had my supper. But you can tell me what *you* know about him, and what your reasons are for hunting him up. Old Blythe hinted at it, but didn't say much. You can talk while I am eating."

As the shortest way of getting at what he wanted, the boy jockey complied, and gave a hasty outline of his life-history, dwelling more at length upon the story told him by "Dan the Divil." At the approach of the servant he would cease, then continue, finishing his statement long before the detective had eaten his fill.

Once or twice during the narration, Mr. Eppicoon nodded shortly, as though in confirmation, and it was plain that he felt deeply interested, despite the counter-attraction of the appetizing viands before him. A strong proof of this was given when, without waiting to finish his supper, he began:

"I can tell you pretty much all about Tracy Talbot, for I secured him a permanent situation —in State's Prison!"

True Blue uttered a sharp exclamation, but almost immediately suppressed his emotion, and signed the little snuff-colored man to continue.

"It was some sixteen years ago that my attention was first drawn toward this Tracy Talbot, though I little thought at the time that he was to give me my first upward step in professional life—for I was then at the foot of the ladder, and was looking out for my first case.

"Talbot was not long in gaining quite a reputation as a sport and fast man in general. He appeared to have plenty of money, and did have no end of nerve and cheek. A cooler hand at 'bluff' I never met—but never mind that," said Eppicoon, with a little sigh, as though the memory thus called up was by no means a pleasant one.

"Being a gambler was no drawback to one's claim upon society, in those days; rather the contrary. His high playing and general reputation of being a dangerous fellow in every way, only made him a greater favorite among the women; high and low. I dare say the fellow could have had his choice of all, for the simple asking. But that don't matter, either.

"After he had been here nearly a year, it began to be whispered about that Talbot had really slipped his head into a golden noose; that he was about to marry a beautiful, rich and highly connected young lady, the only daughter of our congressman, at that time.

"The rumor was a true one. Grand preparations were made for the wedding—which never took place.

"Only the day before that on which they were to be married, Talbot was out riding with his betrothed bride. There was some grand doings going on—a procession of some kind, and their buggy, with a lot of others, was blocked up until the procession could pass by.

"Here, where he could neither advance nor retreat, a woman, with a child in her arms, tackled the happy bridegroom elect, calling him her lawful husband, holding up the child to recognize its papa, and in short making a regular theater of the street.

"Everybody knew the couple in the buggy, and that they were to be married soon, so you can imagine the sensation when the strange woman claimed him as her husband.

"Talbot turned white as ashes. The lady with him shrieked as though stabbed to the heart, and then fell back like a corpse. At that Talbot struck his horse with the whip, and tore through the procession as though the people before his wheels were but clods of dirt.

"That evening he reappeared among his usual companions, as cool as a cucumber. He said that the woman was undoubtedly crazy, and had mistaken him for some other person. That he had given her in charge of the police, with orders to thoroughly investigate the matter. And every one who heard him believed he was speaking the truth; he was so cool and composed, and so freely expressed his pity and sympathy for the poor, unfortunate creature who had mistaken him for her husband, Dan Filkins.

"The senator happened to be at home, and as it proved, his doubts were not so easily set at rest. He had known my father quite well, and sent for me to investigate the matter. I was to trace up the history of Tracy Talbot prior to his coming here, and find out just what and who he was.

"At almost the first move I made, I found my bird had flown—had left town early on the morning after assuring his friends of his innocence.

"This renewed my suspicions, and I altered my plans, following him, instead. It was no easy task, and do my best I couldn't catch up with him, though I stuck to his hot trail like a true bloodhound, and all his doublings and turnings couldn't shake me off.

"It was just one week after the job was put in my hands that I came back here, one train later than Tracy Talbot. He was the same cool hand: telling everybody that he had been away in quest of papers and affidavits to prove that he was not Dan Filkins, but Tracy Talbot.

"Everybody appeared to believe his story, backed up as it was by a trunk full of papers, including both marriage and birth certificates, together with affidavits covering every year back to his childhood.

"He even satisfied the senator, and when I went to report, the old gentleman paid me liberally, and told me that my services were no longer necessary.

"I didn't think so. I firmly believed there was a nigger in the woodpile, and resolved to stick to the matter, and work it up for my own satisfaction.

"As the most likely chance, I began hunting for the woman and child who had created such a sensation, and right there I struck oil.

"I found that Tracy Talbot had told a lie in saying he had given the woman in charge. She had never been arrested, nor did any one of the force know anything more about her than what they had heard through the papers, or the gossip upon the streets.

"I set to work in good earnest, then, resolved to search every house in town but what I either found her, or some trace to tell me which way she had gone.

"I spent three days and nights in this manner, but altogether without success. I began to think that I had lost my chance, when word was brought to the station that the body of a young woman had been found in the river.

"At first we believed it was that of Mrs.——, another person who was missing, and as the word spread, a large crowd quickly gathered at the wharf where the body had been moored. But it wasn't the one we thought. I'll tell you about that some other time. It will interest you, even if it don't concern Tracy Talbot.

"The body was dragged out upon the wharf. It had not been in the water very long, and was not much disfigured. At first no one appeared to recognize the features, and I was about turning away, when a man pushed through the crowd, and after one look, loudly declared that it was the body of the woman who had claimed Tracy Talbot as her husband!

"And a moment after, it was found that she had been stabbed to the heart with some sharp instrument!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A SHOT 'TWIXT WIND AND WATER.

THE boy jockey, who had thus far listened to the words of the detective wholly unmoved, at least to the outward eye, now dropped his head upon his arms as they rested upon the table, hiding his face with a low, stifled cry.

He firmly believed that this man and woman were his father and mother, and though he had known little or nothing of them in life, he could not hear of their crimes and sufferings totally unmoved.

Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon paused short in his story, as though desirous of giving his auditor time to recover his wonted composure. This was what the boy jockey believed, and he felt grateful toward the little snuff-colored man for his consideration.

Had he been able to catch a glimpse of the detective's face at that moment, True Blue would hardly have felt the same. There was a malicious grin upon the little brown man's features, a laughing devil in his eyes, that betokened but scant sympathy for the lad before him.

In a few moments True Blue uplifted his head, a faint, forced smile upon his lips, as he said:

"He killed her—go on. Don't mind me, I was taken by surprise. Somehow, I never have thought of her—of my mother—as dead. I always dreamed I should find her—some time, and that we would make it all up to each other. Well, that is past. Go on."

Either Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon was really affected by the simple pathos of these short, broken sentences, or else he was an admirable actor, having complete control of all his features. The moment the boy jockey lifted his head, that look of malicious amusement vanished and gave place to an expression of grave sympathy.

"The moment it was found that the woman had been murdered, the same suspicion struck me that you gave expression to just now: that Tracy Talbot had killed her, as the shortest and surest method of getting out of the scrape he had fallen into. But, after all, it was nothing but suspicion, and I knew that I would only get laughed at, were I to apply for a warrant to arrest him, on such frail grounds.

"Still, I was resolved to get to the bottom of the mystery, if it cost me every cent I had in the world. My pride was fairly aroused, and I went into the matter for all I was worth.

"Within that same hour, I was at Tracy Talbot's heels, shadowing him. I was resolved to lose no chances, and while keeping one eye upon my bird, I wrote two notes and posted them the first time Talbot left his hotel. Those notes were directed to two men whom I knew I could trust implicitly to carry out whatever orders I gave them, so long as their pay was prompt and liberal enough.

"Both of them promptly answered my call, and giving them leave to fix their own terms, I set them to work. Their duty was to watch every step Tracy Talbot took, mark every person he spoke to, get a sight of his letters, if possible, and above all, to keep him from leaving town before I was ready for him. If he attempted it, they were to arrest him upon some fictitious charge, and hold him while they sent word to me.

"They were to alter their appearance each day, so that he would not grow alarmed at finding himself watched. I knew that they were equal to the task, for surer 'shadows' or more artistic makers-up, never belonged to the force. So I set about my own work, feeling sure that Mr. Talbot would not be missing when I wanted to put my hand on him.

"The first thing I did was to hunt up the man who had recognized the body. That was an easy job. He was an old citizen, and known to almost everybody.

"He kept a quiet, respectable boarding-house in the upper end of town, and was doing a comfortable business, growing rich hand over fist. He appeared very glad to see me when I spoke about the dead woman, but I soon found out the reason. She was in debt for a week's board when she left the place, and the old hunks struck me for the money, first thing, when I introduced myself as a distant relative of the dead woman.

"That was more than I had bargained for, but I paid the money, and charged it to the account I had opened with Tracy Talbot.

"The old man told me all he knew. The woman had come to his house nearly a week before the scene upon the street, and as he hesitated about taking her and her child in, she produced a letter signed by a minister of the gospel, which stated that Mrs. Daniel Filkins was a member of his church, and a worthy woman in every respect.

"The old fellow gave me this letter, and in it I saw the first strand of the rope that was to hang my game. He told me when she was last at the house; the evening before Tracy Talbot left town, in quest of proofs of his identity. He said she had been greatly agitated by the receipt of a note which a strange lad delivered, and almost immediately after left the house—hastening to meet her death, as it proved.

"That same evening I took the train for the little town from which the letter of recommendation had come, and soon managed to learn all about Mrs. Daniel Filkins, for she had been born and raised there.

"Filkins had spent one summer in the place, for the benefit of his health, as he said, and it being a little country town, and he a well-dressed, good-looking, plausible rascal, with pockets full of money and a generous taste for spending it, of course he had it pretty much all his own way, and was looked up to, especially by the girls, as being only a trifle lower than the angels.

"Well, before fall came, the angel was married, and took his bride away upon a bridal tour. They wrote home to the old folks quite frequently, and appeared to be in the seventh heaven of delight; but all at once there came a change. And a month later, the young wife returned home—deserted, just as she was about to become a mother.

"Well, I secured a few letters written by Mr. Filkins, and got a dozen different persons to describe his personal appearance, then hastened here to see how my men were performing their duty.

"Would you believe it? I might just as well have kept my money in my pocket. Not that the boys didn't perform their duties faithfully, but Tracy Talbot had not shown the slightest desire to run away. On the contrary, he had voluntarily appeared at the inquest, and swore that he had never to his knowledge ever met the deceased woman before she assaulted him upon the street, claiming him as her husband.

"He told such a straight story, and showed so many papers and affidavits to prove that all he said was true, that both the press and people began to believe that he was perfection personified. He was a greater favorite than ever. Another date was set for the postponed wedding, and I began to think that the wisest thing I could do would be to drop the case where it stood. The dead woman could not be injured any more, and the living would hardly be thankful for having their eyes opened, after matters had gone so far.

"But before I had made up my mind, the matter was settled for me, by a note which a policeman brought me, from a fellow, who, with two others, had been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in an extensive robbery of dry-goods from a warehouse up the river. The note said the writer had important information to give, and begged me to lose no time in calling.

"I did call, and was richly repaid for doing so.

"The fellow told me he could explain how the woman had come to her death, if I would assure him that what he said would not be used to his prejudice at his trial. I promised to do my best, and as the proof was overwhelming against them anyhow, he made a clean breast of it.

"The time they had chosen was early Sunday evening, as the situation was retired, and they meant to make a wholesale job of it. But before they got fairly to work, the sound of voices drawing near, put them upon their guard. And from their hiding-place they saw all that followed.

"A man and woman were talking earnestly; so earnestly that the hidden thieves could distinguish every word that was spoken. Two of the three were well acquainted with Tracy Talbot, being broken-down gamblers; and the other one had seen the woman when she claimed the man as her husband.

"To make a long story short, they heard Tracy Talbot admit that she was his lawful wife; heard him offer her money to go away and leave him in peace until he could get hold of the fortune for which he was playing, when he swore he would at once return to her. But she would not listen to it.

"And then, before they could raise a hand to interfere, the cowardly villain had stabbed her and hurled her backward into the river, then ran swiftly away.

This was all pie to me, as you may guess, and as I had taken care to have a responsible witness with me, I found no trouble in getting a warrant out for the arrest of Tracy Talbot, on the charge of willful murder. That same night he slept in jail—if he slept at all.

"There's no need of my going over the trial, bit by bit I can show it to you in print, whenever you feel like reading it. Enough that Tracy Talbot was tried and in the end found guilty of murder. I had a dozen witnesses up from the country town, and they proved beyond a doubt that he was the same Dan Filkins who married the murdered woman.

"He was sentenced to be hung, but the execution was postponed, and finally the Governor was induced to commute the sentence of death to imprisonment for life."

"You have said nothing about the child," slowly uttered True Blue, his face pale and haggard.

"I've been expecting that question all along," said the detective, that strange smile returning to his face. "You feel sure that you are—or were—that child?"

"If Dan Clark told me the truth—yes."

"Well," and the little snuff-colored man chuckled, as though hugely tickled. "Well, I hardly see how that can be; for at least two reasons. The first reason is: at the time of the murder, that child was less than one year old; the second is: that the baby was a girl! Taking them both together, I hardly think that you can justly claim to be that child!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

BACK INTO THE DARKNESS.

THE little snuff-colored man leaned back in his chair, a self-satisfied smile playing around his oily mouth as he watched the effect of his double shot upon the boy jockey. Even his taste for the dramatic was fully gratified. His unexpected disclosure had fairly stunned True Blue, since it told him he was further than ever from solving the mystery which enshrouded his earlier days.

"That girl-child is still living in town. I can show her to you almost any time. And as I can swear to her being the child left by the woman whom Tracy Talbot, or Dan Filkins, murdered, you will have to look further for your parents."

"Your are sure there can be no mistake?" slowly.

"About the child? not at all. Mrs. F. left her as well as the board-bill behind her, when she went to keep the appointment made by Tracy Talbot. Since then I have kept an eye upon the child—but that don't matter. I've got still another point. You say *your* man was tall and dark complexioned. Now *my* Tracy Talbot—the one I hunted down—was just the contrary. He was short and slender, slight build as a fine lady; and he had a head of the reddest hair I ever saw clapped upon the pate of a two-legged mortal—"

True Blue with difficulty suppressed the cry that rose in his throat at these words, for he believed he began to see his way through the perplexing shadows that had beset his search so thickly.

Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon stopped short in his speech as he noticed the strong agitation of his companion, and stared inquiringly at the boy jockey.

"Let me put it in shape, first, then you tell me what you think about it," said True Blue, forcing himself to speak with calm deliberation.

"Dan Clark told me all I know of Tracy Talbot. He was a stranger to the man, and only heard the name applied to him while in a crowd of betters, until he heard the name spoken while he was listening at the hole in the partition wall, waiting to rob the man who had robbed him. There were two men in the room when he entered, one awake, the other asleep. The sleeping man had bright red hair. The other was tall and dark. The last one hired Dan to do the job, and called himself—or at least, signed his name as Tracy Talbot. Now give me your opinion."

"If your man, Dan Clark, told you the truth, the riddle is easy enough read. The red-haired man was Tracy Talbot. The other fellow took his name and story to cover up his tracks, in case Clark should make a botch of the job. If Dan got into trouble, he would naturally lay the blame upon Tracy Talbot."

"That is one view of the matter; but are you quite sure that Dan Clark told you the *whole* truth?"

True Blue felt assured that Dan the Divil had concealed nothing from him, and said as much.

The detective's brows contracted a little, and the old, cunning gleam came into his eyes again; but if he was not satisfied, he kept his doubts to himself.

"There is only one way for us to find out the actual truth of the matter," said the boy jockey, after a brief pause. "The real Tracy Talbot alone can help us. He must know who occupied the room with him on that night—it is hardly probable that he could have forgotten such a queer incident, even in the midst of his own troubles. He would surely tell us the man's real name, if properly approached.

"It would be easier for you to gain access to him than for me. Name your price; and I will double it, gladly, if you return with the true clew."

"You ask me to go to Tracy Talbot, and find out from him the real name of the man. Well," and the detective laughed, dryly; "I hardly think you would be willing to pay my price, and I doubt greatly whether I would be able to find the gentleman so readily as you appear to think."

"You said he was in State's prison—"

"Exactly; I helped to put him there. But he changed his quarters, some four years ago—"

"Pardoned out—set at liberty?"

"By the hand of death—yes."

The blow was a doubly bitter one, from its being so totally unexpected, and the boy jockey, for the time being, was completely unmanned.

If the real Tracy Talbot was dead, the secret of the past was buried in the grave with him. The last hope was gone, and the solemn vow of the boy jockey would never be carried out.

Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon appeared to look upon the matter as nothing but a huge jest. The laughing devil was dancing in his snuff-colored eyes, and his whole form shook with secret mirth. But the instant True Blue raised his head, these mirthful symptoms gave place to a preternatural gravity.

"That lets me out, then," said the boy jockey, with a sickly, forced smile. "It's no more than my old luck. I was a fool to think of ever escaping it."

"I don't agree with you there," said the detective, with a quiet assurance that caused the boy jockey's pulse to beat quicker, though he could not have told why. "To my eyes, the case looks prettier than ever, and with your permission, I'll take hold of it in good earnest.

"In the first place, I feel pretty confident that your man Dan has kept back the most important portion of his confession, probably because he was afraid of your casting him adrift, in case you learned the real extent of his crime. You say he is wholly blind?" with a sudden alteration of tone and manner.

True Blue nodded, too puzzled for words.

"Good enough! It will be no hard matter to get at the truth, then, if no other way offers. But mind. If I am to take hold of this job, you must let me take my time, and do the work after my own fancy. Do you agree to this?"

"You are keeping something back—you know more than you have told me—"

"I will tell you this; you must trust me wholly, or not at all. If you have patience and faith, you shall know as much as I do—but you must let me choose my own time for making the revelation. If this don't suit you, I wash my hands of the whole affair," said the detective, in a short, sharp tone.

There was too much at stake for True Blue to throw away the faintest chance, and, with a meekness quite foreign to his usual nature, he replied:

"I meant no offense. If you see the slightest hope of getting to the bottom of this miserable tangle, I will pay your own price. But don't try to raise any hopes that you know you can't satisfy."

"If I *knew* anything positive, I would not keep it from you a moment; but there it is. I fancy I have got hold of a fair clew, but after all it may *only* be a fancy. As you say, I won't raise false hopes. I promise to do the best I know how, and the moment I am satisfied I am following the wrong trail, I will tell you as much.

"To begin with, you must treat Dan Clark just the same as usual. Don't ask him any questions about the past. You must promise me this."

True Blue gave the required pledge, and then the detective arose with the air of one thoroughly satisfied with himself and the world in general. He settled his bill, and they both left the restaurant.

"I'll walk with you to the hotel," he said, linking arms. "The old gentleman pays me liberally for keeping an eye upon you, and I must earn my money, you know. Holman & Co. will hardly rest satisfied with what they have done—or attempted. You must keep your eye skinned, for I verily believe you are in more danger here than you would be out among the Indians."

These words came back to True Blue with redoubled force, as he parted from his queer and new-made friend, and ran lightly up the hotel steps, where a shock-headed, ragged lad eagerly greeted him.

"Please, boss, Little Joe says you must come to him, right off—not to wait a minnit, or mebbe you'll be too late."

As he spoke, the boy cast a quick, suspicious glance around, as though he was afraid of being overheard. But there were few persons in the office, and none of them were within earshot.

The demeanor of the lad was so peculiar, that True Blue looked at him keenly, his suspicions deepening with each passing moment.

"Where is Little Joe?" he demanded, sharply.

"He told me to fetch you—it's off a long ways."

This hesitating reply did not tend to reassure the boy jockey, and he recalled the detective's warning.

"If it's so far, it is too late to go there to-night. Tell me where I can find him, and I'll be there the first thing in the morning. Can't you speak out?"

The lad was shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, and casting a sidelong glance down the steps leading to the street, as though meditating a hasty retreat. True Blue saw this, and grasped the boy by the shoulder as he spoke.

"He told me not to tell nobody," whined the gutter-snipe, twisting uneasily under the boy jockey's grasp; "'nd I couldn't tell you so you could find the way, mister. But I kin take you there. 'Nd Little Joe, he said you must come right off, 'less you'd be too late."

"What did he want to see me about?"

"'Bout ridin' the big race, I reckon. I don't know no more," the lad added, sulkily. "I was to fetch you to him, an' he said I mustn't answer no questions."

True Blue no longer had any doubt. He believed that the lad had been sent to decoy him into another trap, for how could Little Joe know anything about his intention of riding for the Cup.

Still holding the lad firmly, he led him down the stairs and out upon the street, then turned him about and dealt him a kick that fairly lifted the fellow from his feet. Bidding him take that to his employers, he reëntered the hotel, satisfied with his own prudence for once.

He hastened up to his rooms, worn and weary with the bodily and mental fatigue he had undergone during the past two days; but he was destined to have no rest that night. He found Dan Clark tossing uneasily upon the bed, muttering incoherently, delirious with a raging fever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SHADOWS THROUGH THE MIST.

AFTER the storm, follows a calm.

During the last six and thirty hours, life for our young hero had been one constant whirl of excitement and adventure. From the moment that his keen eye had penetrated the clumsy mask worn by English Tom and his fellow rascals—from the moment that the gray filly Aphrodite sped under the wire with flying reins, to all appearances doomed to self-destruction—the boy jockey had known no rest either of body or mind. Adventure had trod upon adventure's heels, until True Blue no longer had occasion to sigh for the free and easy life of the mountains and plains.

But after this—after he found his blind and crippled comrade, Dan Clark, tossing and moaning in a high fever—there came a lull. Day after day dragged by, as quiet and uninteresting as those immediately preceding them had been crowded with excitement and novelty, nor was True Blue at all ungrateful for the change. His tensely strained nerves needed the rest, for he felt that the time was coming when he would require all his powers of mind and body, in order to pluck fortune out of the fire—to safely land the high stakes for which he was racing.

The events of that week of quietness can be briefly recorded.

In the first place, the illness of Dan Clark increased, rather than moderated. There appeared to be no specific disease, nor did the fever take any definite form. The physicians who were called in to attend him, appeared to be puzzled by the case at first, but finally decided that it was but the harbinger of a general breaking up of the blind cripple's constitution.

This was no news to True Blue. He knew that "Dan the Divil" had never recovered from the terrible accident that left him such a pitiful wreck. His span of life would have ended long ere this, only for the tender care and nursing of the lad he had so bitterly wronged in years gone by. And that care and attention was redoubled now. Not through love for the patient, altogether. True Blue was but mortal, and he could not forget that Dan Clark had altered the whole course of his—the youth's—life. But he believed that through the blind cripple alone could he ever bring home the truth to the door of the man who had assumed the name and story of Tracy Talbot for the furtherance of his own evil ends, and in that belief he watched over and cared for the sick man as tenderly as though he had been flesh of his flesh.

Not alone. Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon resolved to earn the high wages paid him by Henry Blythe, and spent the greater part of his time in company with True Blue, for the first day or two after their confidential interview in the private parlor of the little dingy restaurant.

Then his tactics changed. He insisted upon sharing the care of Dan Clark, and when True Blue looked at him in doubting wonder, the little snuff-colored man coolly declared that Henry Blythe had hired him to act as nurse, so that he, True Blue, might the better fit himself for the great race.

The boy jockey felt that there was something working beneath the surface, but he did not attempt to probe the mystery. He had not yet entirely recovered from the double shock received upon that night. With the death of Tracy Talbot, he felt that the last clew to his past life was severed. And—though I really hate to say as much, though it is undeniably true—the scene he had witnessed in Henry Blythe's parlors had unmanned him for the time being. Folly though he knew it to be, the boy jockey had fallen over head and ears in love with dainty Cora Blythe, and had built more than one vague castle in the air which he and she were to occupy, after he had piloted the gray filly Aphrodite to victory in the coming race. His eyes were opened, that evening, and the castles crumbled into dust, never again to be erected, for he saw that there was only one man in the world for Cora Blythe—and that was Harvey Craven. Nevertheless, the blow was a bitter one, and for a day or two, he pined and moped like a love-sick school-boy.

Mr. Lucullus Eppicoon furnished the needed antidote when he urged True Blue to work off his surplus flesh, against the race. And day by day the boy jockey began to recover his usual good sense under this practical course of medicine.

Henry Blythe lost no time in acting upon the sound advice given him by the boy jockey.

The gray filly upon whom so much depended,

was taken home to Glendale, and there exercised under the eye of her owner, by the light-weight jockey whom he had selected to ride her. The news of this engagement was quickly spread abroad, and the result fully justified True Blue's prediction.

There were no more plots aimed against the boy jockey, nor did the gray filly come to harm. Either the plotters were satisfied that she could not win, or else they had secretly "seen" the new jockey.

The veteran turfite played his part like an actor born. Time and again he repeated his warnings and instructions to his new rider, and promised him a rich reward in case he should pilot the filly to victory.

The lad was a first-class rider, whose reputation was fair, yet the very day after his engagement was made known, the filly went down in the betting, until the odds stood at two to one on Midnight. There was no such margin, if all had been upon the square, and Henry Blythe knew that his jockey had sold him. But he never allowed his manner to change, and treated the incipient traitor just the same as before.

English Tom was lying in the hospital, suffering the tortures of the damned before his time, but, though he had lost both leg and arm, the surgeon in attendance expressed his belief that the patient would survive the double amputation.

Joe Cochran, the groom, was still in durance vile, awaiting the recovery of his confederate.

Nothing further had been heard from Little Joe, the injured jockey, and True Blue was convinced that the "gutter-snipe" who brought his message, was really a decoy; but in that he was mistaken. The message was a genuine one, and had he acted upon it, he might have been spared much pain and anxiety.

Tim Dorgan had been brought up for trial, but Holman refused to prosecute, and finally succeeded in effecting the fellow's release.

Despite the care with which he was nursed, Dan Clark remained much the same, for the greater portion of the time being out of his head and raving wildly; so loudly that he disturbed the lodgers occupying the adjoining rooms.

Wild and reckless as had been his own life, True Blue was often shocked and sickened by the mad raving of the invalid. Black crimes were shadowed forth, and long-hidden secrets were revealed. But Lucullus Eppicoon appeared to revel in these horrors. Hour after hour he would sit beside the bed, drinking in the words that dropped from the fever-parched lips, as though to miss a sentence would be fatal to his hopes of happiness.

There were many allusions to his stealing away the baby boy, but they appeared to be mixed up with other crimes, and True Blue grew tired of expecting the clew that never came.

Day after day True Blue would bundle up and mounting his mustang, ride out of town, then, leaving his horse in a place of security, he would walk and run for many miles, now upon the road, now going across country, leaping fences and hedges, working hard to reduce his weight.

He was just about to mount his horse, after one of these spells of hard work, one week subsequent to the events related in the last chapter, when a fine carriage drew up near him, and a young, richly dressed woman alighted, then hastened to intercept him.

He recognized her even before she spoke. Mr. Eppicoon had pointed her out to him one day, as the particular "friend" of Frank Holman, one Dixie Leftwick by name. Young and beautiful, one of three sisters, their story was a sad one. Sold to crime and shame by their own mother, before they were old enough to rightly judge the consequence—but enough. Their story has been written in letters of fire by a better pen than mine.

As soon as he saw that she meant to address him, True Blue instantly suspected a trap, nor did her first words tend to lessen this suspicion.

She said that there was a plan on foot to abduct Miss Cora Blythe, and force her into marrying a man whom she despised. That she had overheard the plot, and hastened at once to warn him, that he might put Miss Blythe upon her guard.

"If this is true, why not go at once to—to Mr. Blythe?" demanded the boy jockey.

"Why do I not go to her, you started to say," the woman replied, with a hard laugh. "For the very reason that made you hesitate about ending your question. You know what I am. You know that she would not listen to me, even if I could gain access to her presence. And for the same reason I cannot go to Mr. Blythe. He would order the servants to drive me from his door. No; I am running the risk of alienating my dearest friend in giving this warning. Not that I love her so well; but because he—Frank Holman—is the man who is to marry her, if the plot is successful."

"That man has three different times tried to get me into serious trouble," slowly uttered True Blue. "How can I tell but this is another trap?"

"I can easily convince you, if you will trust me. I can take you where you can overhear them talking. I will go with you. You are armed. You can hold your pistol to my heart, ready to fire at the first sign of treachery. Only you must promise me one thing. He—Frank—is forced into this plot against his will, by one who holds his life in his hand. You must promise not to injure him, if I take you there. After you are gone, I will tell him that the whole story is known, and then he must take care of himself. If he still persists, do not show him any mercy. Can I speak any fairer?"

The boy jockey's doubts began to weaken, and when the woman added that if he deemed it necessary he could tell a policeman to watch the house and call for him if he did not reappear within an hour from the time when he entered, he became convinced that she was acting in good faith.

Mounting his horse, he bade her lead the way, and followed her carriage at a respectful distance.

The carriage finally stopped before a large brown brick house, situated in a quiet part of the town, and as Dixie Leftwick alighted, she made a swift sign to the boy jockey, then entered the building.

He dismounted and hitched his horse, with a quick glance around him. Had a policeman been in sight, he probably would have taken the suggested precaution, but such was not the case, and he entered the house.

"Walk carefully," whispered the woman, leading the way along the passage, dark and narrow, which extended the length of the front parlor.

They mounted the stairs, and passed to the rear of the building, where Dixie cautiously opened a door and entered. True Blue followed her, when she gave him a sudden push aside, then sprung back and closed the door. The key turned sharply, and he knew that he was entrapped!

[To be continued—commenced in No. 10.]

The total wool clip of the world in 1877 was about 1,497,500,000 pounds, worth $150,000,000. This, when scoured, would yield about 852,000,000 pounds clean wool. The clip of 1878 was smaller by 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 pounds. The clip of Australia reaches annually about 284,000,000 pounds; that of Buenos Ayres and the River Platte, 223,500,000 pounds.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Pretty and pale and tired
She sits in her stiff-back chair,
While the blazing summer sun
Shines on her soft, brown hair.
And the tiny brook without,
That she hears through the open door,
Mocks with its murmur cool
Hard bench and dusty floor.

But Jemmy's bare brown feet
Are aching to wade in the stream,
Where the trout to his luring bait
Shall leap with a quick bright gleam;
And his teacher's blue eyes stray
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
Till her thoughts have followed her eyes
With a half-unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock,
As she smells their faint sweet scent;
But when have time and heart
Their measure in unison blent?
For time will haste or lag,
Like your shadow on the grass,
That lingers far behind
Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jem,
The stream and the fish will wait;
And patience, tired blue eyes—
Down the winding road by the gate,
Under the willow shade,
Stands some one with fresher flowers,
So turn to your books again,
And keep love for the after hours.

My Dog Grub.

"Get out!" I said it again and again—half a dozen times, at least—accompanying the words with a stamp of the foot, or a rap of the stick; but the only effect was to drive the little wretch away for about a dozen yards, in a cowering, unpleasant fashion, and then if I looked back, there he was, trotting slowly after me, as if determined not to be shaken off. Bother the dog! I did not want it after me, but there it was, having followed me ever since I started for my morning walk.

I don't know what sort of a dog it was. It might have been anything—spaniel, terrier, cur, mongrel, anything. All that I could compare it to was a dog in difficulties; for a more disreputable, dirty, ragged object it was impossible to picture. One sees dirty dogs and ragged dogs every day of one's life—lame dogs, blind dogs, disreputable-looking dogs, in fact, shabby dogs are exceedingly common; but I never in my travels met with anything combining so much misery condensed in so small a compass as upon this occasion.

As a rule, dirty dogs carry their filth with a jaunty air; the lame dogs go sprightly enough on three legs; the tailless cur keeps his head well up; while a dog blind of one eye seems to have his other eye so sharpened that there is no getting the blind side of him. But this dirty, wretched object, which would follow me, seemed the quintessence of everything repulsive and humiliating. He was so limp, so shrinking, so—so—so—well, words are wanting to describe his aspect. It grew to be quite unpleasant at last, for one encountered friends and acquaintances who must have gone on saying to themselves—"What a beast of a dog Smith has now." To an ordinary man it would not have mattered so much; but to one tender upon dogs it was most painful.

I made no scruple of talking about my dislike to animals canine; so, as a matter of course, would-be witty friends must poke fun at the wretches I generally had hanging about my place—living on me, as it were—till one very funny personage said I was being turned into dog's meat.

"I'll tire him out," I thought; and striking off across Oak Common, I strode away till the flow of perspiration made me slacken speed and glance over my left shoulder. There was my tormentor, trotting along at a respectful distance behind; so, as there was no one in sight, I tried another plan, and rushed down with uplifted stick at the dog, who started aside among the golden furze, and allowed me to pass, when he resumed his trot-trot behind me as calmly as if nothing was the matter.

"Well, this really is very distressing," I muttered.

And then once more I went on, hoping still to shake off my troublesome follower. But all in vain. I dodged, I doubled, I strode here and there; went over the brook by the stepping-stones in the hope that he would not be able to compass them, and that I should lose him; but he stumbled, and splashed, and swam through, gave himself a shake, and followed again, looking more disreputable than ever.

There was a farm-yard to cross, where there existed a gate, and as I closed that, a grim smile came upon my face; for as I looked at the damp straw which hardly allowed the gate to swing above it, I vowed that no living dog could crawl beneath, and giving my unwelcome friend a familiar nod, I passed on; but before the straw-yard was crossed, there was a loud rustling noise, and the little wretch had burrowed his way through the straw, coming out all covered with chaff and bits of dirt.

It really seemed as if every attempt I made to get rid of him made matters worse. So, with determination painted on my face, I strode along at four miles an hour, till I reached my house, when I hurriedly opened the door and closed it after me.

"What's that?" I said, half an hour after, as a dreadfully prolonged howl fell upon my ear.

"A nasty wretch of a dog, sir, as won't go away, and 'ave made the doorstep in a 'orrid mess."

"Drive it away," I said, turning once more to my newspaper.

But Grub would not be driven away—at least he came back as soon as his driver's back was turned; and he howled dismally on the doorstep till my landlady came and begged of me to shoot him, poison him, or in some way rid the place of his presence.

To have rid the place of the little wretch's presence I should only have been too glad, but that seemed an impossibility; while at first it seemed quite as impossible to bear the horrible howls, prolonged to a dreadful extent, to which he gave vent.

"It's a sign of death in the house," said Mrs. Sloper, shaking her head and smoothing down her apron, before crossing her hands in a very resigned way upon her band.

"His own, then," I muttered, darkly glancing at an old double gun standing in the corner, one that I never used.

But, in the hope of improvement, we patiently bore the dismal, hollow howls of the brute through the afternoon and long evening, till toward bedtime the noise became so unsufferable, that it seemed folly to think of repose. So, as a last resource, we determined upon bribing the little wretch into silence.

Time after time I had opened the door a little way and made blows at him with a stick, all of which he contrived to elude, for he dashed off instanter; but only to be back in his place by the time I was seated, and to howl again more dolefully than ever.

Water thrown from an up-stairs window only made the steps wet, for the dog crept up into the corner, close to the door, where the porch protected him; and in every movement proved that his had been a long tussle with the world, during which he had learned to slip aside, flinch, elude, and dodge every kind of blow, kick, and missile cast at his wretched little body.

His plan was plain enough: his tactics were evidently to howl me into taking him in; but that I was determined not to do, and only for the sake of getting a sound sleep had I made my way to the larder for a plateful of scraps, and these I cautiously thrust through the chink of the front door, opened but a little way for fear of an invasion. As a matter of course the little animal fled; but the plan was successful, for upon closing the door, a very few minutes elapsed before there came the snuffling, crunching noise of a dog over bones, and I knew that our domestic would the next morning be bewailing the greasy state of the doorstep in which she took so much pride. But present comfort was everything to me, and from the cessation of the howling I concluded the little wretch had gained his point and gone.

But not he. In giving him food I had only increased his attachment for the place; and the very first thing the next morning when the door was opened in he rushed, and, in spite of every exertion to keep him out, took possession of a spot under the lounge, and would not come out.

He stayed with me as a matter of course. He grew so dreadfully fond of me that I could not stir without him; and, making a virtue of necessity, I had him washed and combed, and if it had been possible I would have had him cleaned, dyed and altered, for every attempt to make him look decent proved to be a complete failure. His was a coat that looked all the dirtier the more it was washed. Combing always made him more ragged; and when he had been touched up, he stood shivering and wretched, as if completely ashamed of himself.

I don't know where he came from, nor whose dog he was; but somehow or another he must have been utterly demoralized in early life, for a greater thief never existed. I could forgive a dog that stole from sheer hunger; but Grub would steal directly after having a good meal, and then come and tell you of it as if moved thereto by repentance. I could see in a moment when he had been doing wrong, for if ever dog showed it in his countenance Grub did. His was the particular look known as hang-dog, and after no end of punishments I gave Grub up as a bad job, sin being in his case undoubtedly innate, so that it was his nature to steal.

He came howling in one day, with a closed eye and the side of his head swelling at a great rate from a blow with a broom-handle, inflicted by the village grocer, who had caught him bacon-stealing; and I now knew from whence he had obtained about two pounds of the same viand about a week before, which he had coolly brought into the drawing-room, laid it upon the hearth-rug, and then and there proceeded to devour it. The larder door was kept jealously closed, or something was safe to disappear.

Being old-fashioned, common sort of people down our way, we dine at one and tea at five. Tim Connor, my neighbor, often drops in for a game of chess and a chat.

One of Tim Connor's favorite suppers was cold leg of lamb and a nice cool salad; and one night, by special invitation, he had come to help devour a delicious little leg of lamb. The supper cloth was laid, our game of chess finished just in time, and we had adjourned to the snug little closet that Mrs. Sloper will call the dining-room. There was the white bread on the snowy trencher, the smoking roast potatoes in a bowl, the crisp salad, pickles, tarts on the sideboard, but only an empty dish fronting my seat.

"Where's the lamb, Mrs. S.?" I very naturally exclaimed, when that lady gazed at the table, then at me, and then once more at the empty dish, before lifting her hands, and exclaiming:

"Oh, that horrid dog!"

There was no mistake about it. Grub had stolen the choice leg; and the bone, well picked, was found upon the lawn the next morning, when Grub took the thrashing Mrs. Sloper bestowed with the greatest equanimity, placing his paws over his eyes, while his well-stuffed body seemed but little the worse for the infliction. He certainly was a rather ravenous feeder; but after leaving ordinary food he would go and steal. It must have been genuine kleptomania, for I can find no other reason for his vagaries. As for the leg of lamb, there was not the slightest doubt of his guilt there; for he left his paw-mark upon the clean white cloth to show that he had been there.

That was a hearty meal, no doubt; and I rather fancy that Mrs. Sloper's cat joined in and went shares, from her being so sleepy the next morning; but Grub had better have abstained, for Mrs. Sloper never forgave him, any more than she did me for keeping the wretch. But there he was, and there he meant to stay; and he did stay, too. He seemed to be haunted with the idea that he belonged to the place that he did so much to disgrace. If he had possessed the slightest spirit he would never have put up with the kicks, blows, and downright thrashings he received; but plenty to eat and drink and a warm bed, seemed to make up to him for every other deprivation, and Grub stayed on.

I christened him Grub on account of his looks, for do what you would he was always a perfect disgrace. The cleaning process I have before alluded to, and its inefficacy; while as to the smart brass collar I purchased for him, and secured with a little padlock round his neck, he looked so out of place in it—so much like a pig in a pearl necklace—that I laughed at him heartily, while from that moment, almost without cessation—until out of pity I took it off—Grub spent his time in trying to thrust the brass ornament over his ears. As to the dog-kennel in the yard, which I had newly whitewashed inside and green-painted out, a sort of dread or shame always kept him out of it, and when fastened to the ring he would walk to the full extent of his chain and curl up on the cold stones; while, when I regularly pushed him in and kept him there, he howled so fearfully that I fled, and sent the gardener to let him loose.

Grub stayed with me for quite a year, when his kleptomania grew so bad that I was determined that he should be kept chained up; so the brass collar was once more relentlessly locked round his neck, the chain attached, and so that he should grow used to the kennel I had him thrust in, and a piece of old wire guard twisted temporarily in front, turning it into a prison; and then began the most doleful, discordant yelling and barking I had ever heard issue from the throat of a mortal dog. He howled that day and all that night—howled hideously, so that I was glad to rise at six the next morning, take a hammer and take off the wire, and then unlock the collar, and set the little wretch at liberty. It was enough to make any man kick him; and as I had on only Berlin wool slippers, I did make an effort; but before it could take effect Grub was out of reach, darting away as if half mad.

I had not wanted to imprison him but for his thievish propensities, and my heart smote me as I noticed his utter horror of chains and solitary confinement. I returned in-doors, cross and put out; for the place was in that pleasant state of tea-leaves, dust, and confusion common to down-stairs rooms before eight in the morning. And then I began to think over what would be best to be done with Grub, when sitting down in an easy-chair, in consequence of my distracted night, I fell asleep and dreamed the dog had run away never to return, and awoke to find it was a dream.

I knew it was the custom to say, "Lo, it was a dream;" but I have omitted the expression here, for this was a dream that turned out to be prophetic, and its fulfillment immediate. There was no mistake about it. Grub came suddenly, I never knew from whence, and so he departed. The last I saw of him was his tail, as he disappeared round the corner of the house; the night in the kennel had done what ill-treatment would never have effected. Horror-stricken, he had fled as for his life, and so far he has never returned; while, when Mrs. Sloper thoroughly realized the fact—which it took quite ten days to make clear to her skeptical mind—she raised her hands and exclaimed:

"That's a mussy!"

Sports and Pastimes.

Base-ball.

There is but little news among the professional players of the East during the past week, but the Pacific boys seem to be waking up. Besides the Pacific Base-ball League which we noticed last week a second society has been organized called the California Base-ball League. The following clubs were represented: Athletic—By O. M. Boyle, W. R. Slicer, L. N. David, D. R. Ashley and J. E. McKenna; California—by J. Buckley, J. W. Coffin, J. R. Rice, J. F. Duane and F. W. Jackson; Mutual—By C. S. Neal, F. E. Beck, F. Munson, H. A. Boyle and J. McQuade; Oakland—By C. B. Overaker, William Lee, W. S. Booth, William Armstrong and H. R. Preble. The meeting was organized by the election of W. R. Slicer, temporary President, and F. E. Beck, temporary Secretary. The following preamble and resolutions, which were introduced and adopted, explain the object of the organization:

"Whereas, It is our opinion that the Pacific Base-ball League, at its meeting February 6th, 1879, committed a serious error in admitting the number of clubs that it did, for the reason that it is entirely impracticable to play the number of games necessary to complete a championship series; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we, the clubs here represented by their delegates withdraw from the membership of the Pacific Base-ball League.

"*Resolved*, That, deeming a new and independent League necessary, we now proceed to the formation of a new League.

"*Resolved*, That the name of this new League be the California Base-ball League."

A Committee on Permanent Organization reported the following officers, who were duly elected: President, W. R. Slicer; Vice-President, C. S. Neal; Secretary, F. W. Jackson; Treasurer, W. S. Booth. A Constitution and By-laws were reported and adopted. A Committee on Championship, consisting of one delegate from each club, was appointed, and instructed to arrange a schedule of games. A Committee on Scores and Umpires, of one delegate from each club, was appointed. A resolution not to admit any more clubs until one year from this meeting was adopted. In order to comply with the request of several patrons of the game, it was decided that half of the championship games be played on Saturdays, and the remainder on Sundays. The Cullen & David reach ball was adopted as the ball to be used in all games. The delegates were instructed to tender their resignations to the Pacific League, and notify that League of the withdrawal of their clubs.

The Pacific League being weakened by the defection of the clubs above named, reorganized with the following officers: President, T. C. Maher; Vice-President, J. Driscoll; Second Vice-President, P. M. Clarkson; Secretary, J. H. McCloskey; Assistant Secretary, J. F. Hennessey; Treasurer, J. M. Fisher. The following standing committees were appointed: Judiciary—P. M. Clarkson, J. M. Fisher, James Reily and J. F. Hennessey. Credentials—J. H. McCloskey, Ed. Keating, J. Denny and James Corrigan. Finance—J. M. Fisher, J. Eccles, G. Bartley and J. Driscoll. Printing—J. H. McCloskey, J. F. Hennessey and J. Driscoll. A Special Committee to arrange a schedule of games was appointed as follows: James Eccles, J. H. Stroud, J. H. McCloskey and J. F. Hennessey.

Notice was given of an amendment to the Constitution, striking out the section which prohibits the clubs allowing expelled Eastern players to participate in the games.

The following is a copy of the schedule of games adopted by the Pacific League: March 2d, Eagle vs. Reno; 9th, Star vs. Knickerbocker; 16th, Eagle vs. Star; 23d, Reno vs. Knickerbocker; 30th, Eagle vs. Knickerbocker; April 6th, Reno vs. Star; 13th, Eagle vs. Reno; 20th, Star vs. Knickerbocker; 27th, Eagle vs. Star; May 4th, Reno vs. Knickerbocker; 11th, Eagle vs. Knickerbocker; 18th, Reno vs. Star; 25th, Eagle vs. Reno; June 1st, Star vs. Knickerbocker; 8th, Eagle vs. Star; 15th, Reno vs. Knickerbocker; 22d, Eagle vs. Knickerbocker; 29th, Reno vs. Star; July 6th, Eagle vs. Reno; 13th, Star vs. Knickerbocker; 20th, Eagle vs. Star; 27th, Reno vs. Knickerbocker; August 3d, Eagle vs. Knickerbocker; 10th, Reno vs. Star; 17th, Eagle vs. Reno; 24th, Star vs. Knickerbocker; 31st, Eagle vs. Star; September 7th, Reno vs. Knickerbocker; 14th, Eagle vs. Knickerbocker; 21st, Reno vs. Star; 28th, Eagle vs. Reno; October 5th, Star vs. Knickerbocker; 12th, Eagle vs. Star; 19th, Reno vs. Knickerbocker; 26th, Eagle vs. Knickerbocker; November 2d, Reno vs. Star.

Base-ball Notes.

We must ask the indulgence of our readers for the small space accorded in this paper to base-ball in the last week or two; but inasmuch as base-ball on ice is over, and base-ball in mud has not yet become fashionable, there is no chance for a legitimate game just now. We are perfecting arrangements by which we expect to make The Young New Yorker the special organ of the base-ball fraternity during the coming season, and are doing our best to secure correspondents all over the Union. Till play opens, and while pedestrianism is the rage, we are compelled to give space to the prevailing mania. We invite, from all quarters, reports of amateur matches, and sketches of amateur players, with their portraits. Of the professionals we shall take care ourselves.

The California B. B. League has agreed to a schedule of games. Each club will play seven games with every other club, making 22 games in all. The following resolution, introduced by C. S. Neal, and unanimously adopted, clearly defines the course this League will pursue in relation to expelled players, both Eastern and local:

"*Resolved*, That no club in this League be allowed to play any club employing or having among its members any expelled member of any base-ball organization."

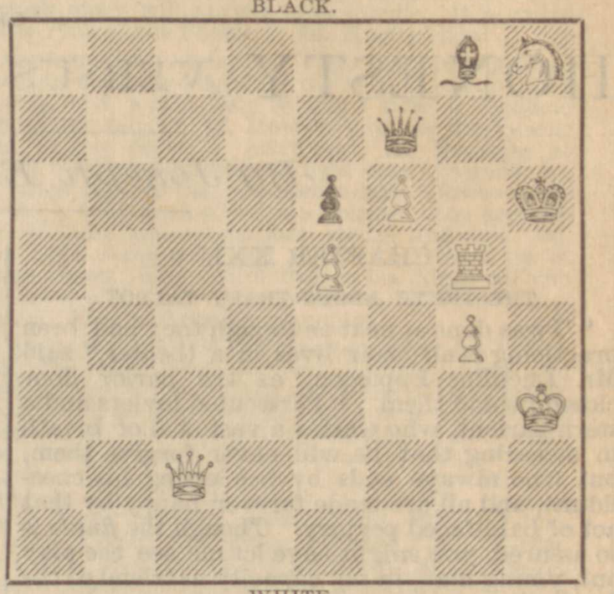
The following resolution was introduced by D. R. Ashley and adopted:

"*Resolved*, That no player of any club not in this League be allowed to play in any championship game, unless he has resigned from such club, and been a member of this League thirty days."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 17.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Chess Solutions.

J. A. Kellogg writes: "The following is, I think, a correct solution to Problem 15:

WHITE.	BLACK.
Kt. to K.'s 7th, (ch.)	K. to Kt.'s 5th*
Q. to R.'s 5th, (mate).	

* This is the only move.

Remarks.—Correct.

Frank W. Scofield, Danielsonville, Conn., writes: "Chess Problem No. 16 may be solved in the following manner: *White*—Q. to Q.'s Kt. 6th. *Black* may then play anything he pleases, but most probably would either move Kt. to K. Kt.'s 2d, and take the R., or play the B. to K. R.'s 5th and take Kt. *White* then moves Q. to her 4th square and mates. If Black moves K. to Kt. B.'s 5th in order to stop mate from Q., mate with R. to K. Kt.'s 4th.

Remarks.—We have had to change the numbering of our correspondent's squares to make his moves intelligible. Remember that all the squares are to be numbered *from the bottom upward* in answering or stating a problem, and that white is always supposed to take *the bottom of the board*. You must try again. If the black knight moves to K. B.'s 5th, taking pawn, white cannot mate with rook. You have overlooked the black bishop on white Q.'s square. Problem 16 will set you all to thinking, and 17 is harder yet.

Athletics.

THE ASTLEY BELT MATCH.

(*Continued from first page.*)

no assistance in his preliminary training. Having no bad habits, using neither liquor nor tobacco in any form, he felt that he needed no one to watch or guide him. His food was of the most strengthening character, and all his practice walking was done upon the pavements or hard ground. Soft, pliable shoes such as he uses in the match were used continually by him during training. When told that he had been put down by a daily paper as being rather overtrained, he laughed and said: "No man is overtrained who is in perfect health. I am in that condition. I feel that I shall not be the last man in the race, and I recognize fully the powers of my competitors. I am told Rowell will cover 120 miles the first day. If he does, he will lead all others. I do not expect to do that, even if I could. It will be hard to have others lead one at any time, but I am going to try and keep a steady average. Whoever leads must make up his mind to keep at work provided he wishes to be in the advance the last day and last minute of the last hour of the race. As for myself, I shall do what I can to succeed."

Harriman's first effort was at Lewistown, Maine. When he was eighteen years of age he walked one hundred miles in 21 hours and 20 minutes.

In October, 1877, he agreed to walk at Haverhill, Massachusetts, one hundred and fifty miles in 36 hours. He completed his task with ease, having several minutes to spare. In the same place, on February 19th, 1878, he covered one hundred miles in 18h. 48m. 40s. This was the best time on record at that date. Unfortunately he gained no record, but he offered to wager $1,000 he would repeat his exploit. $250 was sent to the *Clipper* office as a forfeit, and at the expiration of the thirty days allowed by his challenge this was withdrawn.

On the 10th and 11th of May, 1878, at the Rink, in N. Y. City, he walked for the 36 hour championship against thirteen competitors. At fifty miles he led all, in the second fifty he gained six miles, finishing the one hundred miles without a halt in 19h. 36m. and 52s. After a rest of seventeen minutes he continued. In 23h. 59m. 40s. he had walked one hundred and nineteen miles, making the best score on record in America. He still continued until he had walked 160 1-8 miles in 34h. 29m., when, having distanced all others, he retired, after making the best record in America, and accomplishing the longest distance with the shortest rest of any walker in the world.

On July 3d, at Buffalo, he walked a hundred miles without a rest in 20h. 43m. 40s.

On October 7th and 8th, 1878, at Gilmore's Garden, N. Y. city, he was one of fifteen competitors for the championship 24-hour walk. Harriman covered 106 3-8 miles in 22h. 35m. 11s., and then stopped, being 21 miles ahead of all others.

His prospects in the coming race as looked upon by himself are of the brightest complexion. Among judges he is ranked as having one chance in three of winning out of a field of four. If he possesses the requisite stamina to stand the six days' strain upon his nervous system we predict that the belt will not be many miles away from him at the close of the race. But twenty-six years of age, and one of the youngest of the competitors, the sympathy and hearts of every boy reader of The Young New Yorker will be with him through his contest.

But he has in the champion O'Leary such an opponent as he has never yet met, one whose experience in such matches will stand him in good stead, and whose only drawbacks are greater age and less strictly temperate habits. The probability is that the race between them will turn on the very last day, and if that be the case the iron will and stamina of O'Leary will give him the choice among judges.

The next competitor under notice is Charles Rowell, who hails from Chesterton, Cambridgeshire, England. The portrait above gives a good idea of his face and the running figure of his style of going, but the figure in the drawing should be much smaller as compared with Harriman. Rowell is a very small man, indeed, hardly five feet four in stockings and his best point is his muscular legs. Aside from that he is a slender little fellow, with sloping shoulders and looks like a boy beside Harriman. He was born at Chesterton on the Cam river in 1853, and was brought up as a boatman. In time, being a civil young fellow, he was made boat-keeper for the Guards Boat Club of Maidenhead

on the Thames, near London. This club is one of the aristocratic societies of London, the members being "Guardsmen"—that is, officers of the Queen's Guards or Household Brigade, the dandy corps of the English army. Rowell's whole manner indicates his condition in life to be that of a professional, and is very different from that of Harriman, who looks a thorough gentleman amateur. Rowell began running races in 1872, winning several mile and 2 1-2 mile races. He defeated one Shrubsole at Lillie Bridge, running 19 miles in 1 hour 57 minutes, about the same time as Norman Taylor's, last winter, though Taylor kept on another mile, whereas Shrubsole gave up the race at nineteen. After this Rowell ran and beat Vanderpeer in a 4-hour race, making 32 miles. His last record was in the October Astley belt match, where he was next behind "Blower" Brown, Corkey being first. The winner made 521 miles, "Blower" made 505 miles, and Rowell stopped at 470. Rowell claims to have been off the track twelve hours. Since that time he has made no public record, but it is whispered by his friends that he has made 550 miles in six days at a private trial. This is probably like the stories with which Campana's backers used to regale us before "Sport" made his memorable *fiasco* at Gilmore's. Rowell is doubtless a good man enough within the limit of his powers, but we shall not believe the 550 story till it be recorded by competent witnesses.

The same story might be told of Harriman. If Rowell runs 120 miles the first day, which is quite possible, he will not pass 80 the second day, and the third day he will sink below 70 miles. This will be an average of only 90 miles a day, and the rest of the week he will not equal that average. If he reaches 500 miles he will be doing better than he has yet done.

Of John Ennis, of Chicago, but little need be said here. He is an Irishman born, like O'Leary, and his records are very good up to 24-hour walks and feats of that kind. He was in the last Astley belt contest in London and made only 413 miles. Whether he will do any better in this match remains to be seen.

There has been a great deal of dispute since Rowell's arrival as to the exact terms of the match and the proportion of gate-money to be received by each, but this was all settled up when the articles were signed. Besides the measures provided for in the agreement it is only necessary to say a word about the scoring. This will be done by members of the athletic clubs, each club taking charge for twenty-four hours and each of the walkers name two men, whose duty it shall be to call out and put up the numbers of the laps they make. There will be five men attending to the scoring department all the time, two putting down the laps, one taking down the time, one keeping a sheet for the inspection of the press and another acting as a general superintendent. Each of the contestants has a separate house, containing bed-room, dining-room and kitchen, located at the four corners of the Garden. The question of reversing was raised, and it was ruled that the man going the regular route should always have the inside track.

The representative of Sir John Astley at the match is Mr. Atkinson of the London *Sporting Life*. This gentleman came in, last week, by the Bothnia, and says that it was hoped in England that they might have three English candidates in this competition, but the date was fixed so early that it was found impracticable to prepare the other men. Regarding this point O'Leary claimed some time ago that by the published rules he could not be forced to compete for the belt more than twice in one year, and that the coming contest should not take place until June next. He won the belt originally March 23d, 1878, and again October 8th, 1878, and thus held that he need not entertain any challenge until March 23d, 1879, which, with the three months' allowance, would make it June 23d. O'Leary says he wanted more time from the beginning of the present controversy, and would have been glad had he got it. Mr. Atkinson claimed, further, that the challenge of the English representative was the first for the belt. The money John Ennis deposited in New York was not in accordance with the published rules. In answer to this Ennis quotes from a letter written him by Mr. Atkinson under date of London, November 7th, 1878, wherein there is the following:

"Your challenge being *bona fide* and accompanied by a deposit you have the first claim to make a match with Mr. O'Leary; but so soon as you sign articles Mr. C. A. Harriman may join in and make a sweepstakes, as can anybody else, by depositing the required £100, the belt being open to the world."

It is clear that the English wanted to send over Corkey and "Blower" Brown, but, failing them, have to do the best they can with Rowell. The present match starts out with a prospect of being the best on record; and to show the reader what has to be beaten we give the following table of the best performance on record in a six days' "go as you please" match.

1 hour—9 miles 1 lap, W. Smith, London, March 18th, 1878.

2 hours—17 miles 4¼ laps, W. Smith, as above.

W. Corkey, London, March 18th, 1878.

	M.	L.		M.	L.
3 hours	23	5	8 hours	51	0
4 hours	30	2	9 hours	56	3¼
5 hours	35	4	10 hours	61	5
6 hours	41	1	11 hours	65	6
7 hours	45	0¾			

	M.	L.	
12 hours	72	2	Geo. Hazael, London, Eng., Nov. 4-9, 1878.
15 hours	88	0	
18 hours	104	1	
21 hours	118	4	
27 hours	132	4	
30 hours	141	6	W. Corkey, London, Oct. 28-29, 1878.
31 hours	146	5	
32 hours	150	0	
33 hours	151	4	P. Crossland, London, Oct. 28-29, 1878.
34 hours	156	1	
35 hours	160	6	
36 hours	165	1	W. Corkey, London, Oct. 28-29, 1878.
37 hours	169	6½	
38 hours	174	4¼	
39 hours	177	3	
40 hours	179	4½	P. Crossland, London, Oct. 28-29, 1878.
41 hours	184	0	W. Corkey, London, Oct. 28-29, 1878.
42 hours	188	3	
43 hours	192	5¼	
44 hours	196	2	
45 hours	197		"Blower" Brown, London, Oct. 28-29, 1878.

W. Corkey, London, Oct. 28-30, 1878.

	M.	L.		M.	L.
46 hours	201	6	52 hours	215	0
47 hours	204	2	53 hours	219	1½
48 hours	204	2	54 hours	223	4
49 hours	206	2	55 hours	227	5
50 hours	210	0	56 hours	231	0½
51 hours	213	6			

	M.	L.	
57 hours	233	6¾	"Blower" Brown, London, Oct. 28-30, 1878.
58 hours	23[illegible]	4¾	
59 hours	242	3	
60 hours	246	1¼	
61 hours	249	3¾	W. Corkey, London, Oct. 28-30, 1878.
62 hours	252	3¾	
63 hours	256	5½	"Blower" Brown, London, Oct. 28-30, 1878.
64 hours	261	2½	
65 hours	262	5	
66 hours	266	2	
67 hours	270	5¾	
68 hours	274	6¾	W. Corkey, London, Oct. 28-30, 1878.
69 hours	279	6½	
70 hours	284	1	
71 hours	288	2½	
72 hours	289	5	

D. O'Leary, London, March 18-21, 1878.

	M.	L.		M.	L.
73 hours	293	2	76 hours	305	0
74 hours	297	4½	77 hours	309	0
75 hours	301	1	78 hours	309	3

W. Corkey, London, Oct. 28-31, 1878.

	M.	L.		M.	L.
79 hours	312	5	87 hours	343	3½
80 hours	316	6½	88 hours	348	5¼
81 hours	321	5¼	89 hours	353	1½
82 hours	326	1¼	90 hours	356	0¾
83 hours	331	1¼	91 hours	360	0¾
84 hours	335	3¼	92 hours	363	5½
85 hours	336	1¾	93 hours	367	4¼
86 hours	338	0¾	94 hours	370	6

	M.	L.	
95 hours	374	0½	D. O'Leary, London, March, 18-22, 1878.
96 hours	379	2½	
97 hours	383	4	

W. Corkey, London, Oct. 28, Nov. 2, 1878.

	M.	L.		M.	L.
98 hours	375	4	119 hours	457	5
99 hours	379	3	120 hours	457	5
100 hours	383	3	121 hours	457	5
101 hours	387	3	122 hours	459	3
102 hours	391	2½	123 hours	463	3
103 hours	395	2	124 hours	467	1
104 hours	398	3	125 ho rs	469	5
105 hours	401	1½	126 hours	473	3
106 hours	407	6½	127 hours	477	4½
107 hours	414	2	128 hours	481	4
108 hours	419	4¼	129 hours	484	1¼
109 hours	422	4¾	130 hours	488	3¼
110 hours	427	5¾	131 hours	492	3¾
111 hours	432	0¾	132 hours	496	3½
112 hours	436	3¼	133 hours	500	4¼
113 hours	440	3	134 hours	504	5¾
114 hours	443	6¾	135 hours	508	5¾
115 hours	447	2	136 hours	512	5¾
116 hours	451	1½	137 hours	516	3½
117 hours	455	1¾	138 hours	520	2
118 hours	457	3			

Daniel O'Leary, in the first competition of this kind, March 18-23, 1878, covered 520¼ miles in 139h. 6m. 10s., confining himself to walking after the first fifty miles. Corkey ran most of the distance, and his actual time was 137h. 58m. 21s.

The above table shows just what has been done under similar circumstances in England on a track just like that at Gilmore's, seven and eight laps to the mile. Corkey and Blower seem to have done all their work running, trusting to long rests to enable them to pass the walkers. The present match will test both systems fairly.

It has been agreed by those interested that the published rules under which the belt is to be competed for shall be so modified that an attendant, when necessary, may be allowed to make a circuit of the track with his man, in order to hand him drink or food.

It is said that a larger sum of money will be wagered on the coming competition than was ever before known. One enthusiastic gambler has deposited $3,000 at the office of the *Spirit of the Times*, which he is willing to bet against $6,000, that 540 miles will be covered.

On Friday, March 7th, Mr. Charles H. Haswell, surveyor, visited Gilmore's Garden and measured the track. Mr. Atkinson and two or three of the judges were present. Mr. Haswell verified the measurement in presence of all the judges so soon as the track was built, and gave his certificate regarding the length, which he found to be exactly one-eighth of a mile. The competitors seemed to be much pleased with the work in progress on the track, and with the precautions taken to secure them from annoyance during the contest. This is secured by means of a stout railing placed inside the columns in such a way that the spectators who will be on the floor cannot possibly be near enough to trouble them, even if such a thing was contemplated. Fair play is only asked by the friends of the four men, and all who know the temper of a New York audience are positive that this will be given them.

Overdoing the Thing.

On the 26th of January, a member of the New York Fifth Regiment, called Van Ness, began an attempt to walk 2,000 half miles in 2,000 consecutive half hours in old Fifth Regiment armory, in Hester street, New York. At the same time Ed. Belden began a walk of 2,000 half miles in 2,000 consecutive periods of twenty minutes, which he is said to have finished, though the record is not free from suspicion. Van Ness had yet to walk till Sunday, March 9th, and soon began to be very nervous and betrayed symptoms of mental derangement, but he was nevertheless promptly hauled from his cot on the ringing of the bell, and propelled over the sawdust by two zealous trainers, acting somewhat after the manner of side-wheels.

At last on the first of March in the evening Van Ness was walked onto the track by his trainers. This was the beginning of his 1,718th half mile. After walking one or two laps he broke away from the trainers and rushed through a door. They followed him, and he was brought on the track and started around. When opposite to the door of his dressing-room, he again broke away, and dodged through this door, slamming it after him. His trainer, Burgoyne, and the assistant trainer, Rafferty, burst through the door, and were met by a seven-shot revolver. When the trainers were hardly through the door, Van Ness fired on them. His first shot took effect in Burgoyne's elbow, making a slight flesh wound. The second bullet buried itself in the partition. The mad pedestrian fired four more shots, most of which he aimed at his own head, but he hit nothing but the wall. The police rushed in and Van Ness was subdued. He had failed to make the required number of laps within the half hour; but his trainers assert that he was quieted and taken to the track in time to complete his half mile. After lying half an hour in a sort of stupor, he was aroused and again walked around the track until he had made the necessary number of laps. At 10 o'clock he was walking, and seemed to have recovered his reason sufficiently to know what he was about and where he was.

This is another instance of our pedestrian *furore* overdoing itself. It cannot last long at this rate.

Too Much Work.

A telegram from Flushing, L. I., March 3d, says that "Benjamin Fowler, of Flushing, and George Leek, of Manhasset, L. I., started last week to walk six days for a purse of $125, offered by Mr. Richard Hill, son of Harry Hill. The tracks measured respectively 41 and 47 laps to the mile, and they changed tracks on alternate days. Scorers were chosen by each. Fowler is 56 years of age, and although he is badly ruptured, he recently walked 315 miles in five days in the same hall. Leek is strong and muscular, and only 27 years of age. He carries himself well in walking. He recently walked 365 miles in six days. Their walk was a very close contest, each leading at times not more than five miles. On the last day of the contest Leek kept about two or three miles ahead. In the last three hours Fowler began to show signs of failing. He fell three times on the track, but would not quit it, in spite of the advice of his trainers. Fowler continued to lose time up to the finish, and Leek came in winner, having made 375 miles in six days. He had only a slight swelling of his left ankle. Fowler made 368 miles. Fowler was carried from the track. He lies in a critical condition, and it is feared he will die." This sort of thing shows that walking may be easily overdone in this six-day-match business, and we are inclined to hope that these Astley belt matches are nearly over for a while. One day ought to be enough for any man to walk, and one who does the greatest distance in such a time is a good man; but when we get to straining a man beyond his natural powers for a week, we are getting on perilous ground.

Throwing the Gauntlet.

To the Editor of the Young New Yorker:

Please insert the following challenge in your valuable paper:

New York, March 6th, 1879.

I, John Comer, of the Empire City Gymnasium, do hereby challenge James Fitzomons or John H. Smith, to walk a five-mile match for a gold medal. I do not wish to walk for money.

I can be seen at the Empire City Gymnasium any night (except Saturday,) between the hours of 8 and 10, or at my place, No. 1,296, 6th ave., between 33d and 34th streets.

Yours respectfully,
John Comer,
Champion 5-mile walker of the Empire City Gymnasium.

Bicycling.

A movement is on foot in Boston for an excursion of bicyclists for an extended tour through England, over the beautiful roads so popular among English riders. It is designed to leave Boston by steamer during the first week in July, and return about September 1st. Arriving at Liverpool, each tourist's bicycle will be unpacked, and the following route will be ridden over by easy spins of about thirty miles per day: Liverpool to London, thence to Portsmouth, Southampton, London, Bath, Gloucester and Shrewsbury, to London as a terminus. It is designed to limit the party to twenty, and the distance ridden on bicycles will be 680 miles, making the entire distance covered by the excursionists nearly 7,000 miles.

Athletic Notes.

Van Ness won his 2,000 half-mile match at last, March 9th.

Campana has just made 401 miles (supposed real time,) in a six-day trot at New Haven.

May Marshall, Madame Waldron and Augustus H. Smith are all at work in the Brooklyn Rink doing the quarter and half-mile business.

Norman Taylor beat J. D. Ross, of Canada, March 8th, at Harlem River Park, in a twenty-mile run. Ross gave in at fifteen miles. Taylor won in 2h. 12m. 18s.

Mr. H. G. Steele, Jr, of Buffalo, skated fifteen miles in one hour and twenty-five minutes, Feb. 27th, without previous practice. We shall be glad to hear from him again for he is not only a very fast skater, but a clear and straightforward writer.

Miss Alice Mandeville, who started at Newark, N. J., to walk 3,000 quarter-miles, left the track with a sprained ankle March 6th. Miss Josie Wilson, who started on the 15th of February to walk 2,700 quarter-miles in 2,700 quarter-hours, at Oraton Hall, (Broad and Bridge sts.,) had completed 1,701 March 6th. She is slightly lame but in good spirits.

The Essex Athletic Club was organized in Newark last week. The following officers were elected: Walter C. Tichenor, President; Richard J. Franze, Vice-President: John Woodruff, Secretary; George Smyth, Financial Secretary; J. Warren Vanderveer, Treasurer. Captain, John Welcher; First-Lieutenant, Robert Ott; Second-Lieutenant, Wm. Charles, Jr. The club will meet on the first and third Tuesday in each month.

Mr. James Walsh, of 502 West 51st street, New York, sends us a challenge to run any boy five miles for a gold or silver medal, but no money. If Mr. Walsh means business he ought to show the medal first, and prove himself a responsible party. "Any boy" is, moreover, a wide challenge. It might include all sorts of ages and conditions.

Mr. R. Abesser writes us that he and a friend set out for a ten-mile walk, starting from the L. I. R. R. Depot (formerly the Southern R. R. Depot), Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, E. D., at 11:00 A. M., March 2d, and thence on the R. R. track, the ground being very soft, sometimes sinking over 1 1-2 inch deep, reaching Jamaica at 12:41:2sec. P. M., Making 10 miles in one hour and forty-one minutes 2 seconds (1h. and 41min. 2sec.) He states that they walked the first mile in 9 1-2 minutes; 2d in 9 1-2 minutes; 3d in 9 minutes; 4th in 8 minutes; and 5th in 8 1-2 minutes. From Glendale to Jamaica is 5 miles, which was made in 53min. 1-2sec., making our last mile in 8min. 1-2sec.

Rod and Gun

Hints on Shooting.

Mr. E. Knowlton, a noted California crack, says that it is better to learn the rifle before using the shot-gun, and gives the following sound reasons therefor. He says: "In shooting the rifle one has to aim exactly at what he means to hit, and thus forms a habit which makes him doubly sure when he transfers his practice to the shot-gun. In practicing with the shot-gun, on the other hand, he finds that if he aims within a foot of the mark he is reasonably sure of hitting. This gradually begets a habit of inaccuracy, which he finds it very hard, if not quite impossible, to overcome. What study and practice I have been able to do during the last twenty years incline me very decidedly to the opinion that it is very much better for any beginner to learn to shoot with some accurate little 22-calibre rifle, such as the Ballard, for instance; thence pass to heavier rifles, and finally to the shot-gun. The argument in the case of archery is similar. My observation and acquaintance with noted shots tend to prove that he who begins to shoot with the rifle, and thence passes to the shot-gun, easily becomes and remains master of both; while he who reverses this order progresses much more slowly, if, indeed, he ever achieves any decided success.

"Another point in favor of the suggested course is, that when one has fixed the habit of quickly catching aim exactly *at* his mark, instead of anywhere within a foot *of* it, when using the shot-gun, he may save fully one-third of his ammunition; and if he uses the modern full-choke-bored gun, he may succeed excellently with hardly more than one-half the ordinary charge. This effects a very great saving in weight, fatigue and expense."

With all of which we heartily agree inasmuch as it is sound common-sense. Begin in the gallery to end in the field if you want to progress rapidly.

National Rifle Association.

The programme for the spring meeting at Creedmoor (date not yet fixed) is as follows:

At 200 yards—1, Directors' Match; 2, "Short Range" Match for stated prizes; 3, Match for teams of four, any rifle, stated prizes; 4, "Military Team" Match, teams of five men, military rifle, for a flag worth $100 and other prizes; 5, Subscription Match for carbine teams of four men; 6, Subscription Match for any military rifle.

At 300 yards—7, for any rifle, stated prizes; 8, team subscription for teams of four men from any club.

At 500 yards—9, Subscription Match for any rifle; 10, Subscription Match for military rifles any position; 11, for military teams of four men, stated prizes, any position; 12, Subscription Match for any rifle, off hand.

At 600 yards—13, for teams of four men, stated prizes; 14, Subscription Match for any rifle.

Subscription Match for military rifles at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards.

The "Leech Cup" Match.

Running Deer Match, any number of entries allowed.

The matches will take place in April or May in all probability.

A Challenge.

We have received the following document which speaks for itself:

"New York, February 27th, 1879.

"I, the undersigned, do hereby challenge any one of the five boys whose challenge appeared in last week's Young New Yorker to a shooting match at 200 feet range, the loser to pay for shots. (I am 15 years old.) Challenger to be found at No. 26 South Fifth avenue.

"Respectfully,
"John Hanley."

The challenge spoken of appeared in No. 15 of this paper. Mr. Hanley mentions money in his challenge, but this we have struck out, as we do not care to encourage money-getting in connection with pastime. Shoot for the honor, boys, and become champions.

Another Challenge.

"New York, February 28th, 1879.

"I, the undersigned, do hereby challenge any one of the five boys whose challenge you published two weeks ago, to a match with air-guns, 25 shots or upward, to be shot off at the shooting gallery, 150 Bleecker street, between South Fifth avenue and Thompson street, where I can be found on Wednesday or Thursday evenings. If they do not accept it the challenge is open to any boy of my age (13 years).

'Respectfully,
"John F. J. Waldron.
"28 South 5th Ave.

"N. B.—The loser to pay for the shots."

Mr. Waldron also wants to shoot for money, which we strike out. We suggest that he and Hanley and the rest organize a Young New Yorker Rifle Club, and have senior and junior teams and matches.

Fine Shooting.

Mr. Geo. Grentzer writes us as follows:

"When I sent you the three scores I had no idea that they were so good. Inclosed you will find the three targets, and one I shot lying down; it is a five hundred yard target reduced to one hundred feet, forty-eight out of fifty; also an account of forty shots made at Hellwig's Gallery on Sixth Av., New York city, by Mr. Fred Alder; there were thirty-nine bulls-eyes out of forty consecutive shots, at a two hundred yard reduced target. The targets are on exhibition at the Winchester Arms Co., on Broadway this city; they were made Feb. 24th, 1879, with a Ballard twenty-two calibre, three pound pull of trigger."

Accompanying this letter are the targets which are evidently *bona fide* and dispel all doubt. Mr. Geo. Grentzer is evidently a splendid shot and we congratulate our readers on having among their number such a marksman. The 500 yard target only lacks two points of being a full score and the off-hand targets are beautiful. With care Mr. Grentzer will prove a crack shot. We hold the targets subject to return to him if he calls this week at the office. Ask for the editor.

Glass-ball Match.

A correspondent writes that the Tatham Gun Club of Waco, Texas, shot Feb. 25th, the final match for the ownership of the "Houston Cup,' a twenty-ball match, Bogardus's rules and traps, of which the following is the score: Maj. W. S. Almond, 20; John Thomson, 19; H. M. Thomson, 16; E. McCall, 18; R. B. Killough, 17. Won by W. S. Almond. Maj. Almond having won the cup three times, according to the rules adopted by club when they first commenced contesting for the trophy, now retains it permanently.

There is to be a grand tournament here soon of the gun clubs in the State of Texas. We anticipate a lively time.

Rod and Gun Notes.

Dr. Carver has arrived in England and issued a series of sixteen challenges to any one in the world to shoot the rifle against him.

At the second contest among the members of the Essex Amateur Rifle Club of Newark, for the possession of the Association badge, held March 3d, John Doon was the winner. He made forty-four out of a possible fifty points.

It is estimated that nearly one thousand hunters were chasing and slaughtering Michigan deer this winter. Hundreds have been killed from pure wantonness and left where they fell, nothing but the hides being taken.

The *Scientific American* notices a three-legged woodcock, shot by a gentleman near New York last September. The third leg was attached just below the vent, and dragged. It appears to have been in reality two legs in one, the double bones showing quite clearly, and the six toes being distinct and nearly perfect. The bird has been sent to Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution.

There is a gray old fox in Oglethorpe, Ga., that could tell many exciting stories if it had the power of speech. He has been chased time and again, and his hairbreadth escapes are the talk of his county. Recently he was driven into a railway cut by dogs, and would certainly have been caught if a train had not dashed along and scattered his pursuers. In a public meeting it was formally voted to let him die in peace.

The annual meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association was opened at Ottawa, March 5th. The attendance was unusually large, owing in a measure to the announcement that the Governor-General would be present. The annual report of the Council was presented. Pleasing reference is made to the visit of the Utica citizens' corps from the United States to the Rideau Rifle Range, as an evidence of the good feeling which exists between the riflemen of the two nations. The team for the present year will be composed of thirteen from Ontario, three from Quebec, two from Nova Scotia and two from New Brunswick.

Mr. Andrew Stewart, Northall, Markinch, Fifeshire, Scotland, is the owner of a very remarkable dog, which greatly distinguishes himself in climbing trees; he is of the King Charles breed. Nothing seems to afford him greater pleasure than to ascend a tall pine and venture out on the points of its uppermost branches. This rare specimen of the canine race, during the nesting season, takes a delight in tearing down birds' nests. Those containing eggs he instantly demolishes, while those containing young he exercises more regard for. It is a rare sight to see this nimble fellow high overhead in a plantation barking furiously at the feathered tenants of the woods as they in wonderment flutter around him.—*Land and Water.*

The Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association sent out a circular late last month to invite foreign riflemen to participate in this year's international match, designating Creedmoor as the place where the contest will come off. The American team of 1878 prefer that the fixing of the match at Creedmoor should not offer any obstacle to the coming here of foreign teams. The American team are prepared to shoot on any ground in this country that may be agreed upon, either Creedmoor or elsewhere; but they believe that the expression of an intention to have the match come off on Creedmoor at all hazards would not, perhaps, be encouraging to some foreign teams and might interfere with the coming over of one or more of such bodies.

A recent writer furnishes his experience of Express bullets on grizzlies. Taking with him a double Express, he killed six bears, five of them being large grizzlies, and found Express bullets so fatal that he would not hesitate to attack the largest of them, when so armed, on any ground and on foot. He hit one in the head, and on opening the skull a hole was found as large as a cricket ball, from which everything was blown away. The whole head was torn to pieces inside, it being easy to pass a stick into it in any direction, and some pieces had come out through the skull and had lodged under the skin at the side of the head. A friend of his, he states, using a double Express, killed sixteen tigers in fourteen days, and no one required a second shot.

Yachting and Rowing

The Columbia Crew.

"Now that the spring is coming on," says the Columbia *Spectator*, "and boating matters are about to occupy a prominent place in the minds of the students, a few words on the subject will not be amiss. One of our greatest troubles in boating has always been the disposition on the part of our oarsmen to put their work off until the season should be far enough advanced to permit the use of the boats. Unfortunately, Messrs. Goodwin, Boyd, Colgate and the other men of their stamp, who could row and win, whether in condition or not, are no longer among us, and with our present material for crews, success, for which we hope, must be earned by hard work. Fortune must be forced on to our side, while the inevitable result of shirking will be defeat. The acceptance of the Harvard challenge by our freshmen ought certainly, and probably will, have a beneficial effect upon our boating interests. But even in this case the disposition to shirk work is already beginning to show itself, and any one casually going to the gymnasium does not need an oarsman's experience to see that the best weight and muscle of '82 are not there. A regular attendance at gymnasium will save the captain much annoyance and often keep him from making serious errors, since he can judge of his men by what he has seen of them during the winter and he is not obliged to choose men at random, some of whom show how much they have been overrated when it is too late to make a change. After the creditable manner in which '82 disported herself in the regatta last fall, we certainly expected to see more enthusiasm displayed in this important matter."

The directors of the Columbia Boat Club desire to give a series of games, scratch and handicap, some of which will be open to all amateurs, and others only to college men. They will probably be held at Gilmore's Garden on the evenings of April 4th and 5th. It is to be hoped that they will be well attended and pay handsomely.

Yachting and Rowing Notes.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of London says that Americans do not give fair play to Englishmen when they come here to row, but excepts Columbia College from its strictures. This is kind.

A special cablegram from London to the Toronto *Globe* says:—"Edward Hanlan commenced regular training yesterday and is in good hands. He is preparing for his coming match with Hawdon, and will proceed to Newcastle in a fortnight. Hanlan's boat arrived Saturday in good condition. The prospects are in every way satisfactory."

At a meeting of all the students of Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., March 7th, it was almost unanimously resolved that the Cornell Navy directors be authorized to make arrangements for the entry of an eight-oared freshman crew and a four-oared university crew at the regatta of the American Henley, to be rowed on Saratoga Lake next summer. There were a few supporters of the proposition to send a four-oared crew to the English Henley regatta, but they gave way to the project that was finally adopted. The University gymnasium has been lately refitted, and the competitors for places in the crews will be put to work immediately. There was a strong sentiment expressed in favor of the hope that Columbia will also enter crews for each race in which Cornell will be represented.

Amateur Fancier.

Grand Pigeon Race.

The Homing Pigeon Society, of Troy, have arranged for their annual pigeon flying contests for the championship of the State and the United States. The first contest will take place on May 9th. The pigeons will start from St. Johnsville and fly to Troy, a distance of fifty-four miles. A week later the pigeons will be started from Utica and fly to Troy, a distance of eighty-five miles. On May 24th the long distance fly for the State championship gold medal will take place. The birds will be started from Syracuse and their destination will be Troy, distance 130 miles. On June 14th the great race for the championship of the United States will take place. The distance will be from Rochester to Troy, 206 1-2 miles. As this race is open to all it is expected about eighty Antwerps will be entered.

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DOT LEEDLE LOWEEZA.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

How dear to dis heart vas mine granschild, Loweeza!
Dot shveet leedle taughter off Yawcob, mine son!
I never vas tired to hug and to shqueeze her
Vhen home I gets back und der day's vork vas done.
Vhen I vas avay, oh! I know dot she miss me,
For ven I come homevards she rushes bell-mell,
Und poots oup dot shveet leedle mout' for to kiss me—
Her "darling oldt gampa," dot she lofe so vell.

Katrina, mine frau, she could not do midout her,
She vas sooch a gomfort to her day py day;
Dot shild she make efry von habby aboudt her,
Like sunshine she drife all dheir droubles avay;
She holdt der vool yarn vhile Katrina she vind it,
She pring her dot camfire bottle to shmell;
She fetch me mine bipe, too, vhen I don't can find it,
Dot plue-eyed Loweeza dot lofe me so well.

How shweet ven der toils off der veek vas all ofer,
Und Sunday vas come mit its quiet und rest,
To valk mit dot shild 'mong der daisies und clofer,
Und look at der leedle birds building dheir nest!
Her pright leedle eyes how dhey shparkle mit bleasure—
Her laugh it rings oudt shust so clear as a bell;
I dink dhere vas nopody haf sooch a treasure
As dot shmall Loweeza, dot lofe me so vell.

Vhen vinter vas come, mit its coldt, shtormy veddher,
Katrina und I ve must sit in der house
Und dalk off der bast, by der fireside togedder,
Or blay mit dot taughter off our Yawcob Strauss.
Oldt age mit its wrinkles pegins to remind us
Ve gannot shtay long mit our shildren to dwell;
But soon ve shall meet mit der poys left behind us,
Und dot shveet Loweeza, dot lofe us so vell.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hocking Hunters;

OR,

Deer Hunting in the Wilds of Michigan.

BY "JED."

NO. II.—FISH STORIES AND GHOST STORIES.

JOE declared it was a most propitious time for trolling, second only to early morn, and we lost no time in embarking in his old log scow, which was moored hard by, and capable of accommodating a dozen men.

We are upon the charming waters.

"Now you just show me a duck, or even a piece of a one, no bigger than Sandy's foot, a feather, a track, and if I don't— Hello, what's that?"

"A deer," exclaimed Joe, seizing his rifle, as a noble buck sprung like a flash from the brown lily-pads and reeds, round the point yonder, and all the most of us saw was his white flag glancing in the thicket.

"A deer!" echoed Mr. Kooken.

"A deer!" shouted the Medicine Man, Man-Afraid-of-His-Gun and Crazy Horse, the latter dropping his trolling-line and well-nigh tumbling into the lake, in his frenzy to see the first deer.

"A deer!" screamed Carp., flinging his short legs over the rower's seat, and flourishing his old fusee in the faces of all. "A deer! Hurrah, Joe! Pull, pull; deer don't loaf long in the same spot when I'm 'round. Now, where is he? Show me to him, and if I don't plug—"

"Sit down," growled Kaurtz. "Your yawpin's scart dot book a mile away."

Crestfallen and disappointed, we all resumed our seats in the scow, and all memory of the buck soon vanished in the keen excitement that followed.

Crazy Horse threw out the hook and began to uncoil the line. Whew! a bite already, and a whopper, too! Off darted the fish like a bullet; down he dives, up he comes again, then out he launches and spins around. There he goes again, toward that half-whelmed log; but excitedly the angler turns him off; now he gives him line; swish, swash, now he hauls him in—in—in. One more distracted plunge for the lily-pads and mosses, and he gives up like an arrant coward; there is a flap or two on the water, a faint out-pull; then we see him coming straight toward us through the pellucid depths, his great speckled sides close to the gunwales; Joe seizes the landing-net, dips adroitly, and in a trice a seven-pound muskallonge is flopping in the bottom of the boat!

This royal sport continued for quite an hour, each man taking a turn at the line, and over a half-barrel of fish—muskallonge and yellow bass—was captured. Boisterous and jubilant we rowed back toward camp in the deepening dusk. and as we slowly skirted the reedy shore, Carp, suddenly exclaimed:

"Great Heavings! see those duck, a whole flock of 'em! Pull, Joe! pull, Doc! and give me a shot; pull, pull, let me get any sort of a chance at 'em, and if I don't cook their goose, you can souse me into the lake. Ducks, roast ducks, and punch, immense! pull, pull, hurry, ye laggards, hurry!"

"If somebodys doesn't shtick his foot in dot fool's mouth, he'll git no shot," caustically observed the guide.

"No, oh! no. I won't get a shot; the old duck-hunter of the Hockhocking won't get a shot!" ironically returned Sitting Bull, pulling up his gun, and aiming it at the flock, as they swam close together, a short distance ahead. "Oh, no —if they haven't gone!"

And gone they had, the cluster rising from the water, and scudding away over the surface, just as Carpy thought he had them. But the fowl were very tame, and soon alighted again, just round the n arest point.

"You shuse got 'em now, Mister Carpenter; we'll let you out here, und shuse crawl ober through those popples und spank it to 'em."

We ran in to shore, and Carpy hurried off for his ducks. We heard him floundering in the brushwood, then an interval of silence, then bang, bang, went his gun, and Carp., leaping frantically from his *perdu*, yelled:

"What'd I tell you? five of 'em—five at one fell swoop, or two swoops rather, for I fired both barrels. If I'd only had another barrel, I'd killed at least twenty-seven."

We pulled out again, and round a little furzy point, floating close to the shore, were four ashen-breasted, dark-winged, red-head ducks, while the fifth was swimming rapidly away with a broken wing. A shot from Kaurtz's rifle whipped off its head, and, gathering them in, we again pulled for the landing.

"That wasn't a very fine shot either, but Bogardus would like to have seen it," began Carp. "I say, Sandy, where's that flask? We'll all take a drink on that shootin' of mine; eh, Doc? Here, drink, old boy, go on; good shot, Doc. Joe, take some; Billy, help yourself; Richards, you're full already, and there's no need of tellin' Crazy Horse to help himself. But I say, boys, that was a fine shot; eh?" and thus he gabbled until we reached the camp.

We staid up late that night—our first in the woods—listening to Joe's thrilling stories of deer and bear-hunting. It was well after ten when Carson stepped out to see what Old Probabilities promised for the morrow, and when he came in there was a sort of uneasy look upon his parchment-like visage that mystified us all. He coughed and hemmed, and cast a furtive look at the one little window in the cabin, over which the fitful firelight flickered with a ghostly glare.

"Joe," he finally said, "I hear the Old Logger to-night; he's choppin' away down there like a new hand in the pineries."

"*Nein!*" ejaculated the sturdy Dutchman, rising to a sitting posture on his hemlock couch, with a queer, bewildered, expectant look upon his honest face.

It must be said, that the gloomy superstitions that used to prevail throughout the New England States in ante-revolutionary days, have not entirely died out in some parts of this country, and North Michigan is one of them. There they lurk, in the hearts of the brawny, yet unsophisticated lumbermen, notwithstanding the rapid strides of education. They have many stories and traditions of ghosts and goblins up there, and enjoy with a shivering relish the telling of them. After a hard day's work they will sit half the night through, by the shadowy light of a pine-wood fire, listening to the weird tales of some imaginative comrade.

"Men, come to the door here and listen for yourselves," continued Carson, without a word by the way of elucidation, and leading the way he pulled open the great slab-board door. We all eagerly obeyed, some stepping without, others halting on the threshold.

"Whew! What a black, deadly night," whispered the irrepressible Carp.; "the sky looks like a piece of black velvet, such as they cover hearses with."

"Hark!"

We all fairly held our breath as we gazed off down the black river valley. For a moment nothing greeted our intense hearkening, save the strange, heavy whisperings of the woods, that came and went, like the sounds of the sea, with a chilly solemnity; then all at once we heard the sounds of an ax, like some one chopping away with regular, measured strokes, at a standing pine; now clear and distinct, then faint and far away, but always plain and not to be mistaken. Somebody was chopping away down there in the black depths of the swamp.

A half-hour we stood, and we listened to the work of the mystic chopper and the melancholy howl of the distant wolf. Then, chilled and shivering, we returned mechanically together to the blazing fire, that never seemed half so comfortable, and looked to Carson for an explanation.

He told us this:

Thirteen years ago, there lived, not a thousand yards from our camp, in a small cedar shanty, built by himself, a strange old man. He said he was a lumberman, and claimed to own the whole wilderness from Michilimackinac to the Maumee, and from lake to lake, and he spent his days chopping, chopping, chopping, tumbling to the earth the great white pines and stately Norways, with unrelaxing industry and tirelessness.

No one knew whence the strange old man came, and no one had ever extracted a tittle of information from him. He was shy and uncommunicative, and for a year lived there in untroubled serenity and loneliness. But one balmy October day, a party of hunters chased a wounded doe down that way, and seeing nothing of the old logger in his favorite haunts, they approached his shanty. The boldest of the party thrust the door open and peered in, and there lay the old white-haired chopper, outstretched upon his couch of bear-skins, a corpse. He was tenderly taken up and wrapped in an old blanket, and laid at rest in a dark little ravine, through which the winds always sigh a mournful requiem, and then an exploration of his rude home made. There was nothing in the line of furniture in the shanty, save one kettle and skillet, with a bite out of the side and a broken wolf-trap, but among the *débris* of rags, clothes, skins, *etcetera*, found in a dented and dingy walnut chest in a corner, was a package of letters, moldy and time-colored, that was eagerly broken into, with the hopes that they would furnish the *deb: ouillement* to the mystery that had surrounded the Old Logger, and the hunters were not disappointed. They were love-letters, each and all signed in a sweet girlish hand, "Marjorie." That was : ll, and it was enough. It told the story of a wretched life, and reverently those little messages from a woman's heart were laid away, in the rude grave, with the man whose hopes and fortunes they had probably blasted.

The simple-minded lumbermen who visit the spot believe to this day that the spirit of the old man inhabits it, and of a truth I know it—the sounds of a busy ax are heard almost every evening in the region where he dwelt, and on moonlight nights many assert that they have had glimpses of his withered form, ax in hand, floating about the spot where his bones lie moldering. In the wailing nights of winter, Carson himself says, they often hear, while seated around the fire in his camp, wild tones of mourning as the blasts swell through the woods.

This was a prime story to sleep on—but the reader must not infer from this that what has just been told is anything but the dead square truth, and without comment or inquiry we all turned in, excepting Carson, whom we left with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands, sitting before the smoldering fire buried in deep meditation.

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN NO. 16.]

THE KING OF BEASTS.

The King of Beasts.

THE lion has been always regarded as the King of Beasts. But few can withstand him at any time, and in the darkness of the night, when he loves to prowl abroad, his powerful voice alone, resounding over the plain, or awakening the echoes of the forest, sends the whole animal kingdom fleeing before him in terror. When he is engaged in feasting on the body of some creature that has been killed by a blow of his massive paw, none will dare to intrude upon his majesty, but all wait patiently until he has satisfied his appetite, and then humbly content themselves with what he may leave uneaten. It is thus he rules over the various quadrupeds that dwell in the same districts with himself, meeting with but few that do not acknowledge his authority.

Splendid must this noble beast appear as he bounds over the plain, or, when pursued by the hunters, he stands at bay on his chosen vantage-ground. Here he bids defiance to his enemies, and does not hesitate to attack them furiously should they approach too near his stronghold. Harris mentions an instance where one thus stood at bay and fought for his life, which gives a vivid picture of the King of Beasts in his native wilds. He was discovered under the shadow of a thick bush, and, as the hunters reined up their horses near by, "the grim savage bolted out with a roar like thunder, and bounded across the plain with the agility of a grayhound. The luxuriant beauty of his shaggy black mane, which almost swept the ground, tempted us, contrary to established rule, to give him battle, with the design of obtaining his spoils; and he no sooner found himself hotly pursued than he faced about and stood at bay in a mimosa grove, measuring the strength of his assailants with a most noble and imposing mien. Disliking our appearance, however, and not relishing the smell of gunpowder, he soon abandoned the grove, and took up his position on the summit of an adjacent stony hill. Crouched on this fortified pinnacle, like the sculptured figure at the entrance of a nobleman's park, the enemy disdainfully surveyed us for several minutes, daring us to approach, with an air of conscious power and pride which well beseemed his grizzled form. As the rifle-balls struck the ground nearer and nearer at each discharge, his wrath, as indicated by his glistening eyes, his increased roar, and impatient switching of the tail, was clearly getting the mastery over his prudence. Presently a shot broke his leg. Down he came with reckless impetuosity, his tail straight out and whirling on its axis, his mane bristling on end, and his eyeballs flashing rage and vengeance. Unable, however, to overtake our horses, he shortly retreated, under a heavy fire, limping and discomfited, to his stronghold. Again we bombarded him, and again he rushed exasperated into the plain with headlong fury—the blood now streaming from his open jaws and dyeing his mane with crimson. It was a gallant charge, but it was to be his last. A well-directed shot arrested him in full career; he pitched with violence upon his skull, and after throwing a complete summerset, he subsided amidst a cloud of dust."

Lions are carnivorous, living upon the flesh of such animals as they may kill, or the carcasses of those they meet with in their wanderings. Sometimes they carry off men; and it is said that when a lion has once tasted human flesh he prefers it to all other, and exercises all his ingenuity to obtain it, watching the abode of his destined victim for days until a favorable opportunity occurs for him to make the fatal spring. Hence these man-eaters, as they are called, are always considered much more dangerous than any others, and sometimes the male population of an entire African village will join in the pursuit of their dangerous enemy. His death is celebrated with the greatest rejoicings, and the conquerors return in triumph, bearing the skin of the slain animal before them to gladden the hearts of all who see it. The man-eater's attacks are always sudden and unexpected. On dark nights he prowls cautiously around the encampment, ascertaining the position of those who are sitting around the fire; and having selected some particular person, he crawls silently up until, attaining a favorable distance, the spring is made, the victim seized in the powerful jaws, and is borne away from the very midst of his companions so suddenly that they hardly have time to learn what has happened, much less to offer any defense.

During stormy nights, when the rain is descending in torrents, and the trees are bending before the force of the tempest, when the impenetrable darkness is illuminated only by the vivid, momentary flashes of lightning, and the country echoes to the crash of the terrible peals of thunder, then the lion is boldest, and his deep-toned roar is heard, competing in volume of sound with that of the artillery of heaven, as he comes forth in search of prey. Even amidst the gloom his quick eye discerns the timid antelopes, which, retreating from the storm, seek shelter by crowding close together in trembling ranks. One speedily falls at a blow of his mighty paw. The monarch drags his prey near to the water amidst the covering of the thickets, and stopping for a moment to roar his defiance at the forked lightning, prepares to commence the evening's feast.

Humor Graphics.

TIME'S WONDERFUL CHANGES.

He held her nestling on his breast,
Close to his throbbing heart;
"My darling," quoth he tenderly,
"We'll never, never part."

Time rolled along, their feelings changed,
They always change, perforce;
"Old gal," he cried most bitterly,
"Let's get us a divorce."—*Oil City Derrick.*

Paying a Fare.

[SCENE: Party of three young ladies on street car.]

Conductor approaches—"Fare, if you please." (Miss Pinafore slowly goes for her pocketbook. Miss Admiral Joseph Porter, K. C. B., and Miss Captain Corcoran reluctantly follow suit.)

Miss Pinafore—"Never mind, girls, I'll pay." (Slowly opens pocketbook.)

Miss Porter (beginning to open pocketbook)—"Oh, no; let me."

Miss Corcoran—"Oh, I'll pay."

None of them pay, and the conductor, like pay-tience on a monument, grimly waits. General fumbling by girls in pocketbooks filled with halves and quarters for the exact change.

Miss Captain Corcoran throws an anxious side glance at her two companions. Begins to hand a quarter to conductor. Conductor ravenously snatches it, and proceeds to make change.

Miss Porter (who suddenly finds the exact change)—"Oh, that's too bad now! Here's the money."

Miss Pinafore—"Oh, really now, I didn't want you to do that."

Miss Captain Corcoran (face very slightly elongated)—"Oh, never mind."

Miss Porter (putting up her pocketbook)—"Now, that's very wrong of you, Susan Corcoran, indeed it is."

Miss Pinafore (putting up her purse)—"Now, I don't like that of you, Susan; indeed I don't."

Susan doesn't either. They've stuck her for the fares, and everybody has been *so* generous.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Got a Bite.

IN Chili (N. Y.) there is an elderly farmer who is passionately fond of sport—especially fishing and hunting—and he has a son who is a chip of the old block in that as well as other respects.

One day last summer the old gentleman left home, but before going set his boy at a job he was anxious to have done. Returning sooner than he was expected, he found the boy was missing.

"Where's Tom?" he growled, as he entered the kitchen-door.

"Gone fishing," said the girl.

"Fishing! the rascal; I'll fish him when I catch him."

And away the angry father went for the brook. Coming within hailing distance of the hopeful son, who was bending eagerly over the stream, the father yelled:

"Tom! you scoundrel; Tom!"

There was a deprecating movement of one hand on the part of the boy, who did not, however, turn his head. Still more angry, the avenging parent came nearer and bawled out:

"I'll learn you to stay home and work when—"

"'Sh! 'sh! 'sh!" said Izaak Walton, "I've got a bite!"

The old fellow's passion perceptibly cooled at this announcement; and, lucky for the boy, he just then hauled up a handsome perch. This was too much for dad, who sprung forward and helped unhook the fish, and then—

"Tom, have you got another hook?"

Victory perched on the boy's fish-line.—*Rochester Herald.*

About the Baby.

THE philosopher of the Detroit *Free Press* continues his researches in natural history, his last essay being the domesticated baby, as follows:

"What animal is this?"

"This is a baby. He is now about three years old, and at the wickedest point of his earthly career."

"What countries does the baby most inhabit?"

"He can be found in every inhabited country on the globe, the same as mosquitoes and boils."

"Does the baby eat grass?"

"Yes, or anything else. They swallow pocket-knives, thimbles, buttons, spools or any other object a little smaller than a teacup. If offered milk they seldom refuse it."

"Do they graze during the day or only at night?"

"They are always grazing, paying not the least heed to the hour. When not eating they generally give utterance to a peculiar cry. Strong men often jump out of bed at midnight in the coldest weather when hearing this cry."

"What meaning is attached to this cry?"

"Men of deepest thought have agreed that it signifies to wake up the neighborhood and have some fun."

"Of what benefit to mankind is this domesticated baby?"

"They are of no earthly account for the first few years, but by and by they can slide down hill on a cellar door, and carry articles out of the house and trade them for a wooden sword or lose them in the grass."

"Are they a healthy animal?"

"No. On the contrary, no druggist could make enough profit in a year to buy him a pair of Arctic overshoes but for the presence of the baby in every household. There is hardly an hour in the day that the baby does not demand peppermint, paregoric, milk, sugar, cordial, cod liver emulsion, ipecac, or something else costing money."

"Is the bald-headed baby more domestic than others?"

"Not a bit. He kicks around after the same fashion, and has even a worse time fighting flies and mosquitoes."

"What music do they seem to prefer?"

"A bass drum is their first choice, but they have a heavy leaning toward the sound of the stove handle knocking the nose off the pitcher with the emptyings in it."